Memorial.

R. B. Kerner

A Souvenir for Relatives and Friends

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Yours Truly,
R. B. Kerens

MEMORIAL

OF

ROBAH BASCOM KERNER, ESQ.,

CONTAINING

SOME OF HIS SPEECHES.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE,

ASSISTED BY A FRIEND.

RICHMOND, VA.:
B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1894.

Prefatory.

The compiler does not pretend that the following work is equal to its subject, nor that the best is said in the best way, in every instance; but hopes that what is here hastily thrown together may afford some pleasure and gratification to the relatives and friends of him whose memory it is designed to honor and perpetuate.

It is hoped, furthermore, that these pages may afford a wholesome stimulus to any others who may devote themselves to their perusal.

Introduction.

If a man has true and noble qualities his wife will be sure to find them out—the home life will reveal them fully to her. If he is cruel, tyrannical, unfaithful, exacting, she cannot fail to find this out also, whether she will speak of it or not. Perhaps, in the latter case, it would be best to let the corroding memory rankle in her own breast, for it certainly could give no comfort to a true woman to parade the unpardonable frailties of a dead husband to the world, nor would the world be the better off for it. But when a wife has buried the husband of her youth, who she knows possessed the finest qualities of mind and heart, who, that has felt the pangs of an undying but lacerated love, would deny her the sweet privilege of setting forth those beautiful virtues in tangible form for the comfort of friends and the emulation of the young? I feel that I am that wife, and that

Robah Bascom Kerner is that departed husband. My husband was meek and unpretentious, and what I say and do in reference to him, I wish to be in keeping with the genius and spirit of his life; but need I crush my love and hold in subjection every emotion of my soul? No; I cannot do this, but must abandon myself to that service which is born of love, and here tell something of his story as I feel it and know it to be. But, I must be permitted to say that the execution of this purpose is undertaken with a peculiar combination of feelings. It is with great diffidence I yield myself to the task, and, yet, at the same time, I spring joyfully, indeed, even at the thought of paying grateful and affectionate tribute to a dear and honored memory.

His Home Life.

The most amiable trait of his character, as another elsewhere says, was his love for his home and his family. It may be truly said of him, that, when he was not at his business he was at his home. Home was to him a perfect haven of rest. Here clustered the strongest and purest affections of his heart. When the toils of the day were over, he at once sought the bosom of his family, bearing the fragrance of love, and cheering and blessing every member of his household. He had the happy faculty of disburdening himself of the cares and responsibilities of business, and devoting himself to the cherished recreations of the home which he had planted and ordered so well. Up to the time he was elected mayor evening always found him, after a merry chase with his little ones, contentedly seated in slippers, gown and cap scanning the newspapers of the day, or reading

and discussing some good book. It must not be understood, however, that his fondness for intellectual pursuits engrossed his entire time, but only a good share of it. The social festivities of the home were not neglected. A judicious space of time must be allotted to cheerful conversation on such topics as were refining and profitable in their tendency. Bible reading and devotion to God was the daily habit.

Children were always attractive to him, and, as a matter of course, they were always attracted by him. To see him with them one would think they were "High fellows well met." Conforming himself to a level with them, he would join gleefully, in their little amusements, and go through them to the finish in such a pleasing, jolly way, that the children would besiege him for repetitions almost without end.

Affection was the reigning law of his home and enforced his wishes there. It was his constant care to give expression to his love for his family in every conceivable way. His children's birthdays were never forgotten, but always remembered with a nice present, as were those of the other members of his household.

Even his domestic servants, he always wanted remembered with something to make them cheerful and happy as each anniversary came around.

He was always careful to give hired servants no cause of complaint. True, he was strict in the requirements he laid upon them, but always paid them well, and in his manner toward them was kind and considerate. He remarked more than once, that from the world, as a rule, they received too little remuneration for their services. He saw this to be true, not only as to *one* sex, but in every way possible took the stand for better wages being paid to both man and woman.

His business required so much of his time that he did very little promiscuous visiting himself, but enjoyed largely having his friends with him in his own home. On such occasions he displayed the finest social qualities. Politeness characterized his every act and word and every expression of his face. He spared no care or pains to show his regard for his visitor and to make him feel pleasantly. He was genial, responsive and hospitable to the letter. Nothing that he could do was a trouble, but a

pleasure. Such was R. B. Kerner at his fireside and his table.

He loved, however, to visit the home of his wife's childhood and his father's home. The latter he never viewed in any other light than that of home. Years of dutiful toil, in other surroundings, with all they brought and took away, did not rob the old homestead of its sweetness—it was still home. And at every convenient season he came to the place hallowed by a mother's prayers and a mother's death, if it was but for a few hours, to greet the loved ones there and to refresh himself with the scenes that cheered him in the morning of life. And regularly, as each old year receded into the past, it was his custom to visit the old home, and with generous Christmas gifts that gladdened the hearts of both old and young he endeared himself to all around him.

At Christmas it was his idea that old St. Nicholas should brighten his wife's holiday with a nice present, and this was carried out each successive year of his married life. But he was careful not to select anything that could be paraded to the front. The selection was always

a piece of silver, of the finest and best quality, which must be used back in the dining-room, where it would be of special service and pleasure to the receiver.

Down in the depths of his heart he had a strong aversion for pretension or an attempt for mere display. This characteristic was so emphatic in his nature—was so frequently manifested under all circumstances—that I hesitated for some time before deciding to leave off colors and assume the usual habiliments of the bereaved. I felt that, notwithstanding he was in his grave, yet, in anything pertaining even to his memory I would still like to act in consistency with his wishes and preferences.

As a Christian

He was sincere and could be fully appreciated only by those who knew him best. He accepted the principles of truth as revealed in the Bible, and practiced them in daily life without undue show. While he loved this present life, and with due restraints tasted it deeply, yet his moral courage, which never forsook him, made him

ready to face the inevitable at any moment with an unruffled spirit. His religious faith was as simple as it was profound; it supported him in every ordeal of life and sweetened every cup of joy and hope he quaffed.

He was an earnest member of the Moravian Church, and loved it as the church of his childhood. But he made no parade of his religion, for, in this as in all things else, he was simple and sincere. Ordinarily, when requested to take a prominent part in a service of more pretentious religious nature—such as making addresses for Christian associations—I have felt worried at his sending a refusal. On such occasions I have known him to say: "In doing my daily duty, I am serving my Master best." He seemed to fear that in his relationship great prominence in religious movements would be construed into an effort on his part to secure mercenary or political effect.

Amiability.

That Mr. Kerner had his faults it must not be denied, for he was human; but so perfect

was his mastery of himself that it would not be easy to point them out, even if an effort were made to do so. Indeed, to the eye of love, at least, the galaxy of his virtues so arrayed his entire manhood that whatever defects belonged to him a frail mortal might hesitate to put on permanent record.

While he had his mark set high and was ambitious to make his life a success in every paricular, still no acquirement of money or property, or bestowment of honors, seemed to elevate him in his own estimation—he had the philosophy of appearing the same, however his circumstances might alter.

His humility was always conspicuous. He had none of that bigotry and intelerance which may sometimes be mistaken for courage and wisdom in both religious and political circles. He seemed to think that respect was a kind of mutual commodity which should pass from man to man on equal terms.

He was not one of those sensitive characters who is always looking out for insults, and hence always receiving them. He was slow to take offense, and slower to give it. He bore malice

against no one, but would leave entirely alone those whom he knew to be his unrelenting enemies.

He wished to climb himself, but not to the degradation of others; he rejoiced to see them also on the upward move. He dragged no man down, but applied his honest efforts to lift many up; hence it may be said with emphasis, he was philanthropic, broad and liberal minded; he respected the honest views and principles of others, looked at things on the bright side, and prophesied great possibilities for his age and country.

As to the humorous side of his character but little needs to be said. That he had a quiet vein of humor in his mental constitution was clear to the most casual observer. But this quality of his mind did not descend into mere witticism. He enjoyed a good joke, a chaste story, a bright sally of wit, provided there was left no sting behind it; but often such things are as depressing to one as they are exhilarating to another, and to wantonly crush the feelings of even the humblest was not in his nature. It is not too much to say he was amiable and cheery

in all his bearing and disposition, and that it was his desire to make every one feel more light-hearted when he parted with him than when he first met him.

His Unpretentiousness.

Mr. Kerner's simple modesty showed itself in everything he turned his hand to. To have his name appear in print, except in cases of absolute necessity, or to have pictures of himself scattered promiscuously was an abhorrence. It was with great reluctance that he would consent for even his nearest and best friends to have his likeness.

During his Mayoralty an enlarged portrait of himself was sent as a present to the town by the artist mainly to advertise his work. Through thoughtlessness, it is supposed, on the part of the artist, it was so directed as to come immediately to Mr. Kerner's house. Finding the picture there on coming in from his office, he very thoughtfully said: "If the secretary or President Wilson ever calls for that picture he is to have it, otherwise, kindling wood can it be cut into so far as I care for it." The town sec-

retary, knowing nothing of its whereabouts, did not send, as a matter of course, nor did President Wilson, for the same reason. The delicacy of pushing a likeness of himself into prominence he could not overcome ; and it was never hung, nor was city hall ever made recipient of the work intended for it until after his death, when the writer felt that it but voiced the sentiments of his friends at large, and readily consented to the request of a member of the city board to place it there.

Love for His Kinsmen.

With such traits as above noted—such a bright disposition and such engaging manners—is it any wonder that he was almost the idol of the family, and that his memory will ever remain sacred to them? And well may they so regard him, for no one ever showed greater love than he for the people bearing his own name and of his own blood. The most remote of them were affectionately regarded. His heart was large enough to embrace them all. And in all their embarrassments, it was his willing

part to aid and council, to stand by and protect; firm in his own decisions and requirements, yet always generous, kind and considerate. If, from any cause, there were unfortunate ones among them, he loved to help them; and more than once shifted their responsibilities to his own shoulder, and relieved the distressed ones from the burdens that were ready to crush them. And so well planned were these friendly acts of his, that almost without an exception they proved for the best to all concerned. In a word, if trouble of any kind befell one of his relatives he would assist him, as the case demanded, professionally, financially, or otherwise, to the full extent of his power. Even those a great deal more advanced in age than himself, he has ably and lovingly lifted out of financial distress, and made such arrangements that they should still be protected from trouble of this nature, though he himself should precede them to the grave.

In this connection I will mention one other fact: So ardent was his love for the members of his immediate family relationship that he felt they had the same right to his table and fireside

that he had himself, and again and again he impressed this fact upon them.

An Incident.

But it must not be understood that this warm affection for relatives was of a selfish nature, and that the subject of this sketch did not possess that largeness of heart which went out in sympathy for all others—even strangers. As an illustration of his broad, liberal-hearted nature I submit the following incident: We were passing on the sidewalk of a street where lay three street-car lines. The cars were running frequently over the point directly in front of us in order to accommodate the crowded city. Suddenly, a lady held fast by the crowd on the car farthest from us lost her hat, which was carried back a long distance by the wind, seemingly unnoticed by any one save the owner and ourselves. Quick as the act Mr. Kerner grasped his own hat, watched carefully up and down the tracks for the moving cars, sprang forward and placed in the lady's possession the wayward appendage, which she expected never to see again, to her evident gratification.

Firmness.

Mr. Kerner was a clear-cut, well defined character. He was not one thing to-day and something else to-morrow. He was *known*—his friends could calculate on him—they knew where to find him. He sought to know the line of duty, and basing his convictions on this line, formulated his principles in keeping with his convictions. His life was shaped in accordance with his own ideas of what this life should be. He believed that duty is always practicable. Hence, he scarcely knew what it was to fail in anything he undertook. He reached the mark at which he aimed, even at the expense of strenuous efforts. His purpose was a prophesy of the accomplishment. But with all his firmness and decision he was careful not to be offensively stubborn. He was ever ready to yield gracefully when convinced, but otherwise as immovable as adamant.

Perhaps a deeper insight into his unswerving nature may be obtained by giving here an actual occurrence. A man whom he had trusted as a brother since their school days, at a critical pe-

riod, turned squarely against him. His feelings were painfully crushed by the act. However, the opportunity soon presented itself for him to take a stand against or for this man. After a little cool deliberation he said: "I am going to stand right up for him, and I will tell him one of these days I never desert my friends because they have acted the traitor to me."

As a Man of Business,

Mr. Kerner was careful, painstaking and thoughtful. He applied himself closely. His plans were well laid and his work systematically arranged. The work at hand he dispatched promptly, leaving nothing for to-morrow that should be done to-day. He delighted in the work peculiar to his profession, and when the volume of his business accumulated on his hands to that extent which excited the misgivings of his friends as to his physical ability to stand it, he never seemed to think that he might undertake too much, but was always ready for one thing more. Nor does it appear that in this propensity he was indis-

creet, for he never seemed to be hurried in business to a degree bordering on distraction, but apparently had plenty of time for the matter in hand, and that, too, though the thing in itself was of minor importance. He had the happy art of gliding smoothly from one thing to another, as occasion might require; and whatever was under thought or discussion, of however small moment, absorbed his attention, for the time being, just the same as the greatest affairs committed to his management. To his care of the details of business may be attributed, no doubt, much of the success he achieved. When he made money he was free to spend it and careful to keep it. Though generous to a fault in all things where money spent would be of real pleasure or benefit to his fellow-man, yet, from the very beginning, he was cautious not to sink his earnings in numberless ways which the young of to-day are apt to do when first married and starting out in life. In economics his motto was: "Live so as to make the interest on your means support you." He would sometimes say: "It is not simply in the making, but in the saving of dollars which

makes a man of influence and saves him in a rainy day." Or, again: "Money is necessary to a man in order that he may wield an influence over his fellow-man or be of much service to him."

Literature.

He spent over one thousand dollars on his miscellaneous and law library together, and, of course, he highly prized it and gave due diligence to its keeping. His system in arranging and taking care of these books I have never seen in any other. His plan of labeling and numbering, and form of dating entry and withdrawal, and when out, where at, must have been entirely original. He could always locate his book, whether in or out of the library.

He was passionately fond of reading, but not always books of his profession. When at home, within doors he confined himself much to general reading in preference to any other diversion. He was methodical in this particular, as in all others. When he took his newspaper in hand, he began at the first and read thoughtfully, but rapidly, scanning its pages to the last column.

He also procured and read the best standard literature—the purest and most elevating works extant; but it was his custom when traveling among strangers to secure lighter matter to relieve his mind from idleness and entertain the passing hours, once remarking: "A good book is the best of company."

His advice to the young was to read a good novel rather than not read at all. On one occasion in his early boyhood he was reprimanded by his sister in the presence, of their mother, for reading a novel. The prudent mother said: "For him to be gadding on the street, where I know not, would be a worse thing." This remark made a lasting impression on him; and may we not readily suppose that this, coupled with the reprimand from a pious, thoughtful sister, had no little to do in shaping his entire life. The one would open his young mind to the danger of a corrupt literature, and the other to the still greater danger of idle and vicious habits.

Mr. Kerner encouraged the young in all possible ways to read. Twice he presented the Sunday-school of his church with small libraries; and for nine years he never allowed a Christmas

to go by without gladdening the hearts of these children with gifts of a literary character, and that at considerable expense. These gifts were always bestowed as coming from Santa Claus; and pains taking for them to be left, for each child, right where the kindly old visitor usually deposits his presents; so that the credit for them could be given no one outside the household. Also, his wards, who were more nearly related to him, never failed to receive from his hand, annually, some costly present in connection with some good book.

Mayoralty.

The subject of this sketch was not an office-seeker in the sense which is often attached to the term. He had a laudable ambition, was aspiring but did not believe in himself or any one else, clamoring for place and power. He acted on the principle that when a man has the parts and capacity which qualify him for office, his countrymen will then call for him, and, in this case it is his privilege and his duty, as a good citizen, to accept the call.

In the year 1888 his name was mentioned for mayor of the city of Winston. Realizing how many duties he already had to call him from home, and that his law practice kept him so constantly employed, I very bitterly opposed his running. In answer to my protest he replied: "It certainly seems ungrateful to the good people here for you to so oppose my running." I had never before looked at it in this light, and now felt it my duty to yield to the demand. This may serve as an illustration of his view of office—a kind of reciprocal good-will between the man honored and the men who honor him. And thus it was with him always. As his fellow citizens promoted him, the warm affections of his heart went out towards them, and he strove to make his every act a blessing to all concerned.

His friends can never know how overflowing his gratitude was to them for so many times honoring him with public duties and public trusts. He endeavored to prove this to them by his works. He spared no efforts to avail himself of opportunities to serve them arduously and acceptably.

Ordeals of His Administration.

The stand which he took in regard to the city poor during the severe cold of January, 1893, is worthy of special note. The destitution and suffering of this class became alarming. The cry for help came repeatedly and often—came from multitudes who had to be restrained, even by police force during the severest period. As Chief Executive of the city, he felt the weight of the responsibility, and addressed himself squarely to the necessity of the case. So great was the demand for help that private contributions had to be resorted to, and this, to a large extent. Mr. Kerner not only urged the beneficent duty of the hour with persistency upon others, many of whom were willing subjects, but cut down into the file of his own mite to such a depth that a bystander would have thought it too liberal for one of his means. As a result of this united effort, be it said to the honor of Winston and her generous administration, the sufferers were helped to a degree second, in a similar donation, to that of no town of its size in the State.

Winston Fires.

In the fall of 1891 fire after fire, at short intervals, distressed the citizens of Winston. The authorities had taken many steps, in various ways, to stop them, but all to no purpose. Public opinion grew sensitive and quite suspicious of criminality. For a long while Winston's mayor would not believe that the pleasant city, over which he presided, had such a vicious enemy. But at last he, too, became uneasy, and fearing there was an underlying incendiary cause for so many fires, he procured the services of two New York detectives to ferret out the perpetrators. But, again the fire bells rang loud and long, and again he was off for the fire with the determination, which always characterized him, to do what he could. After being at this fire for some time other bells rang announcing a fire in quite a different part of the town. By this time he was well-nigh exhausted, but he secured a carriage and pushed to the new scene of conflagration. After this was well under control he drove out home to supper. But he had not much more than seated himself at his table

when the bells rang again, and again he was gone. By this time crowds of people, wild with excitement, were collecting around the court-house square, near which was the raging fire. All was confusion. Firemen ran, the engines roared, a babel of voices rent the air, and bells rang all over the city. Indignation ran high against the black race. Still the excited populace were rapidly congregating on every corner and every conceivable place. Just at this juncture some citizen cried out: "Mayor Kerner, our town is being burnt up by the negroes, what shall we do?" Mr. Kerner at once felt that great danger was imminent and, like a flash, sprang upon the nearest goods box and, lifting his voice like a trumpet, called to the multitude to "Disperse at once; any remaining on the streets will be immediately sent to jail." The streets were cleared instantly, and outside the noise of the fire companies all was quiet. The firemen could now do more effective work, and in a short time the flames were subdued.

The military was now sent out, and one hundred extra policemen deputized all of whom walked the streets the rest of the night guard-

ing the property and lives of the citizens who were now too much alarmed to go to sleep.

R. B. Kerner was true to every cause he espoused. As mayor he studied to promote the best interests of the city of Winston. As he felt and saw its welfare to be so he was actuated. He was proud of every shovelful of sand, or planted stone, which added to its beauty or utility. He rejoiced in its progress and growth, and in all the phases of its prosperity. May it not be hoped that, with so much at heart for the town, together with the earnest efforts devoted to its interests, that he did not fail to do it for some lasting good? And it is a pleasing thought, and one for gratitude, that his fellow townsmen have so fully endorsed his acts and paid such high tributes to his memory as will be found elsewhere in this little volume.

Additional Facts Connected with His Public Career.

When Mr. Kerner was admitted to the bar he at once entered into a good practice, and as a young lawyer made a fine impression on the public mind. In 1883 he was elected Solicitor

of the Inferior Court, which was then in vogue in Forsyth county. And not only in matters pertaining to his profession was he highly esteemed, but was looked upon as having the qualifications and characteristics which fitted him for other fields of public service. As an evidence of the confidence reposed in him, he soon became guardian for no less than sixteen children, having entire control of their means for a number of years.

Not longer than one year after he began his law practice a representative to the State Legislature was to be elected by the citizens of Forsyth county. In urging his name for this position a friend used the following language: "The wish of the people is for a young man of more than ordinary ability, of sound democratic principles, gifted with a flow of eloquent words, but not garrulous; energetic, reliable, and with enough personal interest at stake to throw off all suspicion of seeking the office for the mere honor it may confer; a man of education, good and solid, and with a knowledge of what our present educational institutions need. Now, has the party such a man in its ranks? It has

in the person of R. B. Kerner, Esq. Being raised in the county, he is familiar with the wants and needs of the people. He is a young man, who, by indefatigable zeal and application, has lifted himself to a height in the regard of many who know him which any young man may well feel proud of and many an old one envy. A staunch democrat, simple in his habits, temperate in all things, scholarly in his tastes, and rapidly rising in his profession, he is undoubtedly the most suitable man for the House of Commons that Forsyth county holds."

He soon grew prominent in the more immediate political circles, and made some telling speeches on the party issues of the day. He served as chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee for a number of years and until he resigned.

But to still further show the public estimate put upon him, let us for a moment return to him in the capacity of a lawyer. In the early stage of his practice he was engaged in a murder case tried in the town of Winston. Of his effort at the bar on this occasion the leading

county paper said : "He won for himself golden opinions from all who heard his speech. He undertook the defence without hope of reward or the probability of success, and in the face of popular opinion, but by his untiring energy, his stirring appeals for sympathy, his clear and comprehensive rehearsals of the evidence, and his eloquent perorations in behalf of mercy, he turned the current of opinion and made conviction doubtful. It was after the jury had been out a part of two days and a night that they brought in a verdict of guilty. Mr. Kerner spoke about three hours, and riveted the attention of all present during the entire speech. The case goes to the Supreme Court, and should a new trial be granted a change in the verdict will in all probability be the result."

In 1885 he was elected Town Commissioner. His associates in office elected him secretary of their board and city treasurer, and also commissioner of the graded school. For his services as secretary and treasurer he received the complimentary salary of three hundred dollars—a greater sum than that which was at the time paid to the Mayor.

A great deal of the upbuilding of Winston and its material growth was brought about by the wise action of this board. Many timely ordinances were enacted which stimulated Winston to a degree of progress which was the pride of its citizenship and a matter of comment in the State at large. As a bit of history, at least of local interest, a few of these acts are concisely noted. During this administration a special tax was levied on every purchaser of leaf tobacco, and graduated according to the quantity bought. The debt of the town for the La France fire-engine was paid. An act was passed requiring individuals to pave the sidewalks adjoining their property, to improve the public roads near Winston, to lay at least three miles of main and service water pipe, to release the military company from poll-tax, and the immense hill near the graded school building was lowered at least ten feet, and Fourth street graded. Many other important acts of this board added to the material and moral well-being of the city.

On February 23, 1892, Mr. Kerner was elected Mayor by a flattering vote, and being just thirty-

two years and six months old, was the youngest executive in the history of Winston. He was inaugurated with a pleasing and complimentary formality. From the records of this occasion is taken the following extract: "He thanked the aldermen for the honor conferred upon him, and made a nice little speech in his usual happy style, pledging his best efforts for the future advancement of the city, and upon taking his seat declared the board ready for the transaction of business."

To give minute details of the good work of this administration would perhaps be of little or no interest here, but to show how active and progressive it was, a few extracts from the records are presented: The curbing and macadamizing the principal streets, and the cutting down and grading Summit street and a part of Fifth street. The prohibition of opening stores on the Sabbath, either for giving away or selling goods, except in cases of necessity. Drug-stores permitted to be open all the time, but not allowed on the Sabbath day to sell tobacco, cigars, soda water, mineral water, but medicines only. The interdiction of prize-fighting and

sparring matches with heavy penalties. The passing of thirty or more market ordinances. An act to enable the corporation to own and control the water-works. Various fire ordinances were passed embracing an ordinance connecting Winston with Salem fire-alarm system. Ordinances resulting in the organization of fire companies and a hook and ladder company. The purchasing from Seneca Falls, N. Y., one of the finest and best equipped fire-engines ever brought south. But perhaps the crowning act of Mr. Kerner's administration was the completion of Winston's fine and magnificent City Hall and market house—a building of which every citizen of the town may well feel proud.

In all these laws an enterprises, together with many other matters of moment, Mr. Kerner felt the deepest interest and addressed himself with his characteristic energy to their unfailing enforcement and execution.

And it is a pleasure to record the harmonious relationship that all the time existed between their Mayor and the Board of Aldermen. They delighted to respect and honor him. Their kindly and generous support is a mat-

ter for lasting gratitude, and is here expressed as the best return that can now be tendered them.

One particular honor they bestowed on him, while yet living, is worthy of special note just here. On the above mentioned superb fire-engine they had his name beautifully engraved. As the matter now is this is a lasting and appreciative tribute to his memory, and ever hereafter, as this powerful machine shall go forth to combat the dreaded monster fire, though he cannot be with it in person to aid, as he was always so faithful to do, yet, in solid steel characters his name is with it, and must there stand as a testimonial both to the high esteem accorded him, and of his devotion to his adopted city.

His Last Sickness.

At one time during his long attack of sickness he grew much better—his physicians pronouncing him entirely free from fever, and, in fact, several times in a sub-normal condition. He got able to leave the sick chamber, to take short rides, and gradually recuperated suffi-

ciently to go to his office and there superintend some work he wanted done.

After an elapse of about eighteen days he became strong enough and went to the home of his father, in Kernersville, hoping that the change would recreate him in both body and mind, little thinking that his life-work was so near to its close. But here trouble came double-handed. His disease soon returned with great and renewed power, and in the midst of it all, on September 3d, occurred the death of our little one, Francis Lanier. From the effects of this severe ordeal I am sure he never recovered, although every precaution possible was used against excitement of any kind.

Life was most dear to him, and to human understanding there were the best of reasons it should be so. Just rising into the prime of manhood, with a lucrative business in hand; with a well-equipped and comfortable home in a flourishing little city, where he was surrounded by a host of competent friends always ready to encourage and honor him; and with a young family, who beyond question was the delight and pride of his heart, and to whom he was

attached as strongly as human love could bind him, is it any wonder that the prospect of an immediate severance from all these precious, hopeful environments should cast a shadow over him, and that under it all he should seem sad? But, while this is so, there is one sweet thought, as a thread of gold, running through it all—he was fully resigned and gave comforting testimony as to his future state. He spoke of his sainted mother, to whom his devotion was most beautiful and whose memory was so sweet to him, and said: "I will soon be with her."

During all this sad period he manifested supreme and childlike confidence in his religious faith. When delicately approached on the subject of prayer he promptly responded: "Yes, I am praying, but I do not excite myself with long prayers, for that would run my fever up, but the good Lord understands me."

And even in this dark and trying hour he did not forget to be himself. He had always felt that it was his part to comfort and console his loved ones in seasons of distress and grief. But now when his dying moments were fleeting

away it would seem that he himself was the one to be comforted. This did not seem to be his view of the situation, but, knowing that the very heartstrings of her whom he was leaving would be wrenched and torn with intense anguish, with deepest sympathy he said: "I did not think I would bring you to this; but life is short, Jennie, and we will soon be together again."

After skilled medical aid had proved unavailing, and his grief-strickened and aged father, feeling powerless to help him further, showed his emotion, the dying son said to him: "You have done the best you could; meet me in heaven.

His Death.

It was hard for those to whom he was nearest and dearest to realize that death was about to sever him from them. Nor could they do this until all possible efforts to restore him had been made without effect. But at last they saw that the worst must come, and every lingering hope was crushed.

On Monday, September the 25th, 1893, as the day declined, our dear one fell sweetly to rest.

The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, and his pure spirit returned to God who gave it.

His death was crushing to those who loved him best—too crushing and too sacred, indeed, to attempt its portrayal here. A large circle of friends and acquaintances regarded his death as a calamity, and demonstrated their sympathy and grief in many ways.

May I not, with becoming modesty, quote?—

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, this was a man."

But not what he *was* has been lost—his past, at least, is secure, for its nature is immortal. The world has lost only what Robah Bascom Kerner might have been, in the many unaccomplished years of a prime manhood of ordinary duration. To estimate the good he might have done for the world, by living long in it, is not in human foresight to do. But no further burdens or responsibilities can be laid on him now. His work is done, but not done *with*. In other minds and hearts his works will bud forth and blossom as the rose.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them."

Concerning His Speeches.

Upon examination you will find in this Souvenir a few of his speeches. Effort has been made to secure all the literary addresses he ever made, but, after a diligent search, it is found that the manuscripts of several are lost, and it is by mere accident that those herein published have been obtained.

Speech-making, however, he never considered his forte, and often shrank from it. Urgent duty, also, kept him from accepting such courtesies, especially away from town, as it necessarily took time from his business, both to prepare and to deliver them. Among those to be found herein is one he never used. The request came from such a complimentary source that he felt it would be almost an outrage to refuse, and hence, with snatches of time he prepared it, but was providentially hindered from attending the occasion for which it was intended.

In compliance only with what is due him, his friends and a charitable public will kindly bear in mind that his speeches were hurriedly written, and in the case of more than one, never rewritten, owing to the fact of his having no thought of them ever being exposed to printer's ink.

But with a view to the good which I hope will grow out of it, especially to the young among his own kinsmen, it has been to me a work of pleasure, a precious toil, to gather together some of his manuscripts, dashed off for no eye to look upon but his own, and arrange them the best I could for other minds and other eyes. And if in their arrangement the idea is not clear or the connection is lost, or the thought maimed, rest assured the fault is mine, not his.

One literary address made in the early part of his law career in Stokes county, N. C., it is to be regretted, cannot be inserted in this little work. I can only give the comment of the press, which is as follows: "Mr. R. B. Kerner's address on Monday night, was a fine piece of oratory, scholarly in its diction, comprehensive in its scope, and flowery in its rendition. It was a composition of which any one might feel

proud. The commonest idea was clothed in poetic beauty, and every-day expressions were made to glow with the warmth of true eloquence. He is a speaker of rare promise, and destined some day to make the welkin ring with the power of his oratory." After this address was over a party of sprightly young ladies assaulted him with persuasive, earnest words in the attempt to prevail on him to give them his manuscript, but he held it fast, and slowly pulled off bits at a time until it was entirely destroyed and heaped up under his chair.

Conclusion.

Now, I close this imperfect sketch by thanking most heartily the officiating minister for the memoir herein contained, and moreover, all other friends who have assisted me in this work of love. Also, by expressing the hope that the matter here thrown together may afford some interest and gratification to admiring friends and loving relatives, and inspire to some degree, at least, all into whose hands this souvenir may fall to nobler efforts in the race for success.

His Boyhood.

The writer of this tribute has had the good fortune to know Mr. Kerner almost from his infancy. He well remembers him in his very early life as a quiet, unpretentious little boy, but manly and dignified in his demeanor. He was not one of those headstrong, rude, reckless, bad boys who we are now told make the great preachers, lawyers, and statesmen of our country. True, he was not devoid of many of boyhood's ways and traits. He loved sport, was vivacious and playful, but in all games believed in "fair play." He was too modest to assume the leadership in boyish sports, but performed his part with energy and spirit, when the hour allotted to such pastime was at hand. It was noticeable, at such times, that he was not boisterous or clamorous, but addressed himself to the recreation of the play-ground in a business-like way, so much so, indeed, that a casual observer would have likely thought he was not interested to that extent which most boys really are, and, perhaps, he was not. Other and higher aims, even at this early stage, probably engaged his youth-

ful mind. Beyond a doubt, great power of execution and will were slumbering in his young soul, as his after life demonstrated.

In his early boyhood he did not pass for what there was in him. He was regarded simply as a good boy, even-tempered, chaste in word and action, dutiful to parents and teachers, truthful, decorous everywhere, and not restless under any routine of duty assigned him. Any who had the proper authority could command him.

In the school-room he did not start off with that rapid pace which many do who fail to reach his ultimate standard of attainments. His enunciation was not as distinct as that of most boys of his age. This may have shaded his parts and progress to a disadvantage. It was really thought at the time that this defect in his speech would be an impassable barrier to his entering a profession, especially such a one as he chose. On one school-out occasion, when he was about seven or eight years old, he was put up to deliver a speech. The selection he had in hand was from one of the great masters of speech, which a bright, cultured boy of the higher teens might well dread. In his case it was a grand imposition.

But, imposition as it was, he nobly accepted the situation and stood forth with a dignity of attitude worthy of his cause. He labored and grappled with the polished sentences and graceful periods and classic words allotted him with an effort worthy of success; but, alas! leaving his audience unenlighted as to the sublime thoughts couched in the language he assayed but could not utter.

He had, notably, one trait that the bright boy does not always possess. He always accepted cheerfully any task or duty assigned him. He did not flinch from the undertaking of great or small things. When he knew what was to be done he went at it and kept at it. And this was so, not only in his studies, but equally so in manual labor. On one occasion a new street was laid in Kernersville, and to put this street in proper condition it must be plowed. The father of our subject remarked: "I have a yoke of oxen, and Robah can take them and plow the street." The proposition was accepted by the city fathers, and the youthful plowman appeared promptly with his steady team, and "turned the stubborn glebe" from day to day until the work

was finished in a style worthy of Cincinnatus. This incident is selected and recorded here to show what kind of foundation stones were used in the building of his character. He was not brought up in idleness. When not in school his time was generally otherwise usefully employed. He did not loiter his time away on the streets, nor hang around the stores with thoughtless, rude boys, indulging in loose, mischievous tattling. His taste or early-formed purpose in life led him to higher and better things.

As a result of this course of conduct and application, he soon began to show gratifying signs of development, and to leave most of his compeers behind in force of character, refinement of manners, and mental acquirements. And yet, during all the formative period of his boyhood, and even after he had stepped upon the threshhold of youth, no one seemed to have set for him a very high mark. However, his progress was steady and sure. As the sheet spread out upon the green sward to be bleached by the dews of heaven and the alternating darkness of night and light of day, we see no perceptible difference from one day to another; but at last, spots and blemishes

all gone, we behold it one sheen of purest white; so he acquired from day to day the polish and beauty of a well-rounded and exalted manhood, and a purity of life and character which remains a precious heritage to his friends and loved ones.

But for limited space much more might here be said, but the design of this article is to give a mere glance at the days of boyhood, leaving the advanced stages of youth and manhood to abler hands, as will be found set forth in these pages.

I should do violence to my feelings, however, if I did not close this imperfect sketch with a reference to the sainted mother of our distinguished young friend. I cannot think this a departure from propriety. How natural and easy it is to associate a good boy with a good mother. His mother was a lady of fine common sense, with a good degree of culture, quite refined, genial, kind-hearted, of deep piety, and, in a word, possessed of all the attributes that make up a beautiful Christian life. She was the worthy mother of so worthy a son.

A Friend.

An Incident and a Prophecy.

When Mr. Kerner was a very small boy, too small most persons would have thought for such an errand, his father sent him on horseback to Winston-Salem, twelve miles distant, to collect some money in Salem and pay it over to the clerk in Winston for recording some important papers. When he arrived in Salem, he discovered a hitching rack, to which he managed to secure his horse. He then proceeded at once to call on the debtor and collect the claim in hand. This done, he went promptly to the court-house, paid over the fees, and transacted the business to the entire satisfaction of his father. His errand accomplished, he turned to make his way homeward. Arriving at his hitching place, he found he could not reach the peg to which the bridle rein was attached, nor could he mount his horse to disengage it. His keen eye took in the situation at once, and although there were plenty of people just on the opposite side of the street whom he might have called to his assistance, he seemed to feel himself equal to the occasion. He ascended the hitching frame,

clambered along until he reached the bridle, adjusted the reins over the horse's head, mounted him, and rode off in unconscious heroism.

This is the simple incident, and now for the prophecy.

Rev. C. L. Rights, now also of precious memory, happened to be so situated that he saw the boy's manœuvres, as above related, and with his characteristic enthusiasm, remarked to a friend: "There goes a boy of pluck; if he lives long, he will make his mark." When the boy developed into the brilliant and successful young man, the reverend old gentleman, with great complacency, would frequently in conversation refer to the incident and the fulfilling prophecy.

A Friend.

His Death—Touching Comments, &c.

[From the Winston Sentinel.]

The tolling of the city bells, shortly after five o'clock yesterday afternoon announced to the citizens of Winston the sad news that the soul of Mayor R. B. Kerner had taken its eternal

departure from earth. In his death the city loses a loyal and enterprising citizen, the democratic party a faithful and active worker, his personal friends a staunch and congenial companion, and his home a fond and devoted husband and father.

A gloom enwraps the city, because of the death of its esteemed chief officer, and there flows from tender hearts a stream of sincere sympathy for the bereaved relatives, especially for the wife and child whose hearts are wrung by anguish and over whom sorrow's dark clouds hang so thick and heavy. In the midst of this pall may the light of heaven break and bring that priceless solace which the tenderest human comfort is powerless to convey. Honored as he was at home, Mayor Kerner's reputation was not confined to his native county. As an evidence of the esteem in which he was held elsewhere, we reproduce the following testimonial from the *Charlotte Observer* of this morning:

"The *Observer* is pained to chronicle to-day the news of the death of Mayor R. B. Kerner, of Winston. Winston has suffered greatly in

the past year in more than one way, and it is a sad blow for her now to lose her official head, who has done much to comfort and sustain his people in their recent losses by fire and during the period of financial depression. Mayor Kerner was an able lawyer, and a successful man. He was ambitious to the extent that through his great energy and force of character, he became the head of one of the foremost cities in the State, and, had he lived, there can be no doubt that even higher honors were in store for him."

His Death and the Funeral Obsequies.

[From the Winston Sentinel.]

WINSTON'S honored Mayor and esteemed citizen, Robah B. Kerner, is dead!

The sad intelligence came over the telegraph wires from Kernersville about 4 o'clock last evening. He breathed his last at 3.30 P. M., at the age of thirty-four years.

Shortly after the news was received here the bell of the town clock was tolled for about fifteen minutes. By this means the news of his death was heralded over both towns. The muni-

cipal building was also draped in mourning about 6 o'clock. No business of any kind for the city was transacted to-day.

While his death was no surprise, nevertheless it was received with deep regret by his many friends in the Twin-City. He was taken ill with typhoid fever. About one month ago his condition was so improved that he was able to get up. He came down to his office once or twice before leaving for Kernersville with a view of spending a few days at the home of his father. In a day or two after his arrival there a relapse came. His condition since then has been changeable—one day he was better and the next worse. However, up to a week ago it was believed that he would recover. He was attended by his father, Dr. E. Kerner, Dr. D. N. Dalton, and Drs. Siewers and Bahnson, of Salem.

In speaking of Mr. Kerner's death last evening, Mr. E. B. Jones, law partner of the deceased, said: "He was always zealous for his friends, and never forgot them. His death is a heavy loss to me. During our practice together not one unkind word ever passed us—not a jar occurred in all our business relations." The fune-

ral services will be conducted by Bishop Rondthaler and Pastor Edward Crosland, from the Moravian church in Kernersville, of which the deceased was an honored and acceptable member, at 11 o'clock.

Salem Lodge, No. 36, I. O. O. F., of which the deceased was an esteemed member, will attend the funeral in a body, and it is understood that he will be buried with the honors of the Order.

Captain Buford has arranged for a special train to be run from Winston to Kernersville for the benefit of all who desire to attend the funeral obsequies. It will leave at 9:30 A. M. and return after the close of the services.

The special train for Kernersville, laden with Winston-Salem citizens, who went down to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of our lamented Mayor, R. B. Kerner, pulled out from the R. and D. depot with about one hundred and fifty of the Twin-City's representative citizens.

The organizations attending in a body were the City Councils of the two towns and Mayor Doubthit, of Salem; the Winston police force, Fire Department, and the Winston-Salem broth-

erhood of Odd-Fellows. After an eighteen-minutes' run the train arrived in Kernersville, where these different bodies, together with private citizens, formed a procession and marched to the residence of Dr. E. Kerner, the father of the deceased, in whose home the remains lay in state.

The funeral services were commenced at 11 o'clock at the residence. The officiating ministers were Rev. Edward Crosland and Bishop Rondthaler, of Salem, assisted by Rev. L. G. Broughton, of Winston, and Rev. Mr. Poe, of Kernersville. The hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was sweetly rendered, followed by a Scripture reading by Rev. Mr. Crosland, pastor of the Kernersville church. Bishop Rondthaler offered an appropriate prayer, invoking God's comforting spirit upon the bereaved family circle and friends. After singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the remains were borne to the church, followed by the orders heretofore mentioned.

The pall-bearers (all Odd-Fellows) were as follows: D. H. Browder, W. T. Carter, W. H. Hitt, T. E. Reynolds, Dr. D. N. Dalton and C.

A. Hall, members of the Bar acting as honorary pall-bearers.

In the church the pulpit and altar furniture were tastefully draped in crape.

The service was opened by the rendering of that beautiful hymn "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" by the choir.

Rev. L. G. Broughton, of this city, offered a prayer, invoking the comforting and guiding spirit of God upon the bereaved city of which the deceased was the chief officer and upon the grief-stricken family.

The 39th Psalm was read as a Scripture lesson by Pastor Crosland, followed by the reading of the memoir of the deceased. "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep," was sung, followed by the funeral address by Bishop Rondthaler, of which the following is a brief outline:

"Death is a wonderful arithmetician; he keeps one last unknown figure in reserve. With it he changes every figure in the sum total, sweeping away some values and making others tenfold, so that life comes to be a very different thing when estimated in the hour of death. Death alters much in business, public and pri-

vate life. Here lies a strong, young business man, as energetic and as prospered against all odds as any young man in North Carolina, but now lawyer's office, court-room, and municipal halls shall know him no more forever. Thus, in the circle of friendship also, and most of all, within the home walls, death works sorest changes. Father and wife must mourn, as in this case the loss of a strong, loving heart.

"Men should take death into their calculation, not despairingly, but hopefully, so conducting their accounts that death will be a gain to them, not a loss, when the Judge audits the record and stamps it with the blood-red seal of a Saviour's acceptance. Then there can be a blessed hope of that heavenly meeting concerning which our Brother Kerner spoke so brightly, ere with his strong, vigorous, charitable, and influential life he left us."

Rev. Mr. Crosland announced the hymn "Rock of Ages" as a special favorite of the deceased, which was rendered with an affecting influence upon the attending congregation. A procession was formed and the sad march to the grave was begun, the feet of the immense

concourse of people keeping a measured tread to the plaintive and touching notes of the horns, always used by the Moravian brethren in their funeral ceremonies.

After the rites of the church had been fulfilled the funeral service was concluded by the brotherhood of Odd-Fellows with their impressive and appropriate ceremonies.

The train bearing the Winston-Salem delegation returned about 2 o'clock. Immediately after the striking of the hour of 12 to-day the city clock was tolled for nearly half an hour in honor of the funeral service of Winston's lamented Mayor.

Memoir Read by His Pastor, Rev. Edward Crosland.

Robah Bascom Kerner, son of Dr. Elias and Partha Kerner (M. N. Dicks), was born June 3, 1859, in the town of Kernersville, N. C. In infancy he was baptized into the death of Jesus according to the faith of the Moravian church, and at the age of fifteen years sealed his baptismal covenant by the rite of confirmation becoming a member of Kernersville congregation,

and soon afterward partook of the Lord's Supper for the first time.

The early life of the departed was spent in the town of his birth, where he was carefully trained at home and at school for the activities of life.

At the early age of fifteen years he began teaching in the public school near Germantown, this county. He afterward assisted in Normal school work, and while thus engaged, was called to the responsible position of teacher in the Boys' Male Academy at Salem, which was quite an honor to a young man sixteen years of age. He continued his school work in Salem for two years, and after an interval of one year spent at the State University, he resumed his former position there, at the same time beginning the study of law under Judge Wilson and Lawyer Watson, of Winston, and afterward under Judges Dick and Dillard, of Greensboro.

In 1881 he resigned his position as teacher, and in February of the following year was granted license for the practice of law and located in the town of Winston. The public at once recognized the ability and integrity of

the young lawyer and gave him liberal patronage, insuring him success from the very outset.

November 6, 1884, Brother Kerner was happily married to Miss Jennie Donnell, of Oak Ridge, N. C. Their union was blessed with three children, two of whom preceded their father into eternity.

In April, 1890, after practicing law alone for eight years, Brother Kerner entered into copartnership with lawyer E. B. Jones for the practice of law, which, in the language of the surviving partner, "was both pleasant and profitable." Brother Kerner was not solicitous of office, but his sterling worth won him many friends whose influence placed him in many important and honorable positions in life. In 1883 he was elected solicitor of the Inferior Court, which was then in vogue in Forsyth county. He was prominent in politics, serving as chairman of the County Democrat Executive Committee for a number of years.

The citizens of Winston at different times showed him confidence and honor. In 1885 he was elected town commissioner; the board also elected him secretary of the body and treasurer

of the city. He was finally elected to the highly important office of Mayor, which is left vacant by his death. Thus step by step he rose in public favor and in public trust.

Though Brother Kerner was a thorough going business man, deeply engrossed with business cares, he possessed traits of character seldom found in one so actively engaged. The loveliest part of his character was his love for his home and family. It could be said of him when he was not at his business he was at home.

He loved to visit his father's home, where he spent his boyhood days, and at every convenient season repaired thither, if only for a few hours, to be with those whom he still loved.

Brother Kerner, in an unpretending way, did a great deal of good during life. He was ever ready to help by word or deed.

As a Christian Brother Kerner was fully appreciated only by those who knew him best. He loved Christ and the church, and endeavored to fulfill his duty toward God and man.

The departed enjoyed comparatively good health till within a few months before his death, when he was taken sick with a fever. No one

thought his end so near, but his sickness proved very malignant, though at one time he seemed much improved and was able to go to his old home, in Kernersville, little thinking the scene of his birth would ere long be the scene of his death. The disease soon came with renewed power, and the beloved son and husband began to fade as the Autumn leaf. Though life was to him most dear, he seemed perfectly resigned, giving comforting testimony concerning his religious faith. A few days before his death he said to his heart-broken father: "I will meet you in Heaven." All the skilled medical attention proved futile. Prayer was offered in the house of God and in private that he might be spared, but Robah Kerner's life-work was done. It was God's will that he should be with us no longer. The call came: Come up higher; so on Monday, September 25, 1893, as the day declined, without apparent pain or struggle, the loved one fell sweetly to rest.

His age was 34 years, 3 months, 22 days.

It is hard to understand why one so young, so noble, so useful, should be taken from us; but God knows best.

Resolutions Passed By the Board of Aldermen.

Whereas the sad intelligence reaches us of the death of the chief officer of the city of Winston, Mayor Robah B. Kerner, which sorrowful event occurred yesterday afternoon at Kernersville, N. C.; be it

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the departure from the scenes of life of this efficient and faithful officer and valuable citizen, we humbly bow to the decree of the Ruler of the Universe in this dispensation which has shrouded our community with the mantle of gloom.

Resolved, That the wise counsel of the deceased in the administration of the affairs of the city that he loved so well, his high personal character, his courteous demeanor and his genial companionship, will ever serve to perpetuate his memory, and are high testimonials of the great loss which we and the community at large have sustained.

Resolved, That to the deeply-bereaved wife and child and other relatives we extend sincere sympathy, and pray that the balm of the Great

Physician may be applied to their wounded hearts.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the City Record, that a copy be sent to the family, and that copies be furnished the press of Winston, Salem and Kernersville, with the request that they publish the same.

J. H. Pierce,
D. H. King,
E. H. Wilson,
Committee.

Proceedings of the Winston Bar.

Judge Winston announced this afternoon, at the opening of court, that it would adjourn in honor of the lamented Robah B. Kerner, late member of the bar and mayor of the city of Winston.

On motion of C. B. Watson, Judge Winston was elected chairman of the meeting and E. E. Gray secretary.

On taking the chair, Judge Winston made a few appropriate and feeling remarks upon the life of Mr. Kerner. He knew him at college and as a lawyer.

Mr. R. B. Glen offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased the Creator of Man to call from amongst us to his eternal home Robah Bascom Kerner, our friend and brother—

Be it resolved by the Bar Association of Winston, N. C., 1st, That in the death of Mr. Kerner the members of the Winston bar have lost a friend whom they greatly admired for his many estimable and manly qualities, and who had, during an association of eleven years, become endeared to them by reason of his gentle demeanor and engaging manners; that in his death the profession has lost an able, a faithful, and a painstaking lawyer, and the community, by which he was so many times honored, a servant untiring in his devotion to the public welfare and unceasing in accomplishing his patriotic purposes.

2d. That the success he attained by his indefatigable industry, his unflagging zeal, and his fidelity to duty is without a parallel in the history of this bar, and that his example is one that will ever remain with us as an inspiration

to higher endeavor, and one that the young men of all professions may emulate.

3d. That we extend to her, from whom death has taken an affectionate husband, and to his father and his family, our deep sympathy.

R. B. Glen,
E. B. Jones,
Lindsay Patterson,
Committee.

E. B. Jones, law partner of the deceased, delivered the memorial address. It was an able effort, well worthy of its subject and its author. Short addresses were also made by Messrs. Glen and Watson. Both of these gentlemen were eloquent in their portrayal of the many admirable qualities possessed by Mr. Kerner.

Tears glistened in the eyes of many in the audience when Mr. Jones closed his beautiful tribute to the ability and constant fidelity of Mr. Kerner.

Hon. E. B. Jones's Tribute to his Character.

It is with reluctance, Mr. Chairman, that I shall endeavor to discharge the duty assigned

me by my brethren of the bar, because I feel my inability to do justice to the life of our esteemed and departed brother, which was so short and yet so full.

It has been only a few years since R. B. Kerner crossed the threshold of manhood and stood a beardless youth upon the floor of this courtroom and was made a member of that profession which honored him, which he honored, and to which he died devoted.

Full of vitality, energy, and pluck, without rank and without wealth, the future then was as bright as the stars that dot the blue-vaulted heavens. Before he had reached two-score years—in less than one generation—he had climbed past the middle post of his profession, gained the admiration of his brethren and the confidence of his fellow-citizens as a business man and as a leader in public thought.

He filled positions of trust and honor from the time he was sixteen years old till his death, and at his death was chief magistrate of the most prosperous city in the limits of our State.

Mr. Chairman, though he died young, he lived long enough to realize one great aim of his

life, and that was to leave a suitable and comfortable maintenance for those whom he loved so devotedly.

There was, however, one great secret ambition of his life, the consummation of which nothing but death and political intrigue could have prevented—that was, Mr. Chairman, to wear the judicial ermine.

How well and nobly he would have borne this position of trust and honor none but those who knew him best can say.

That executive ability, sparkling intellect, methodical habits; that energy and perseverance which characterized his life and brought honors with profits in lower positions and walks of life, would have found here a rich harvest that would have brightened these faculties and cast lustre upon the great mind which he possessed.

His early life developed those characteristics which insured success. At the age of sixteen years he commenced as a teacher in the public schools and from that time till he was admitted to the bar his life shifted from student to teacher and teacher to student, thereby cultivating execu-

tive ability, accuracy, and method, so material in giving success in after years.

Mr. Chairman, it is not hard for me to realize the loss of one who, day after day, side by side, for more than three years trod the same path of life, shared in each other's triumphs, and sympathized in each other's failures, drawn together by friendship and common interests—three years of unbroken pleasant business relations—only served to hermetically seal a bond, mutual admiration, and friendship which ended only in death. In the office, in the library, around the desk (where he clung so diligently), in the consultation-room, where his quick and active mind flashed its darts of wisdom, I miss and shall miss him.

Principle was his guiding star—the spring that moved him to action. He hated deception, he loved truth, and he never betrayed or deserted a friend.

Though devoted to the welfare and prosperity of his adopted city, he never forgot the place of his birth, and with each returning Christmastide his heart turned back to the old homestead where so many fond recollections cluster and

brighten as time bears us on that tide that wafts us into eternity. As each old year faded into the past, it was his custom to visit this cherished spot, where he breathed his last, and with sweet gifts that gladdened the hearts of old and young he brightened that life to which he clung.

His life, Mr. Chairman, was only a span from the cradle to the grave; full of devotion to wife and child, full of devotion to principle and truth, full of success embellished with earthly honors, it has flashed like a meteor across our paths and he is no more.

Loyal to his friends as the needle to the pole, as chaste and pure in his conversation as a woman, he lived, and envied no man; he lived and slandered no enemy, and he died without a stain upon his character. The world is better that he lived in it. His character is worthy of emulation, and deserves the admiration of his fellow-men.

In Memoriam.

The Twin City Club desires that the estimate which its members have placed upon the

character of Robah B. Kerner, late mayor of the city of Winston, be entered upon its rolls and that mention of the same be made to the public and to his family. His death leaves a noble memory in lieu of a useful life, one too sacred to his friends and too valuable to all to be lost to the world. With him life was real, life was earnest, and he accomplished in youth the task of a long life. A fine scholar, an able lawyer, a distinguished and useful public citizen, a successful business man, a gentleman, a Christian; strong and true in these and in all the complex relations of society. The members of our club are sensible of their great loss, and they beg to extend their tenderest sympathies to the family, whose loss is the largest and whose grief is the greatest, thankful that their pathway through life has been made more bright and clear by an example which will live on and shine across the grave.

We are, with much respect,

A. H. Eller,
H. L. Riggins,
T. W. Hensk,
Committee.

Resolutions of Winston Chamber of Commerce.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Winston, N. C., passed resolutions as follows:

Whereas, since the last meeting of this body, death has claimed from our midst a valuable member, and from our town a prominent citizen; and

Whereas he was contributing his full share toward the upbuilding of our towns, and was actively engaged in his chosen pursuit when the summons came: therefore,

Resolved, That as we bow to the will of an All-Wise Providence, we feel that our Chamber of Commerce and the community have lost a valuable, energetic and enterprising member, and we can but acknowledge the loss we have sustained as we extend to the bereaved family our heart-felt sympathy.

Proceedings Salem Lodge, I. O. O. F.

WHEREAS it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his wise providence to remove from this earthly life the soul of our brother, Robah B. Kerner, whose devotion to this Lodge was conspic-

uous, thereby greatly endearing himself to us as an active member:

Resolved, That we hereby desire to express the deep sorrow and sense of loss which we feel in the death of our friend and associate, and our sincere sympathy with the members of his afflicted family, especially with her who has been his constant companion in all times of health and sickness.

Resolved further, That in the death of Brother Kerner this Lodge has lost one of its strongest friends, and one whose interest in our organization continued unabated to the time of his death. Ever faithful, constant and efficient in all the walks of life, he revealed a virtue so earnest in its character as to preclude the possibility of any motive other than the sincerest love and perfect trust in his blessed Master, whom he so delighted to honor; and although now called by the Master to higher duties, the memory of his labors in this Lodge, which he ever held dear to his heart, and in whose behalf he worked so faithfully and so well, will be a constant aid to us.

Resolved further, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family with the assurance

that we tenderly condole with them and devoutly commend them to the keeping of Him who ever looks with pitying eye on the widowed and fatherless.

JOHN F. GRIFFITH,
T. E. REYNOLDS,
J. C. BUXTON,
Committee.

Proceedings of Encampment No. 20, I. O. O. F.

WHEREAS the hand of death has removed from our midst Past Grand Patriarch and Past Grand Representative R. B. Kerner, who was greatly beloved in all the positions of honor of the subordinate Lodge and the Encampment of this city; and

Whereas we humbly feel the loss of one whose counsel and conduct tended to the elevation of our brotherhood: therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Encampment, while deeply deploring the death of our fellow-Patriarch, in the prime of life, do humbly acquiesce in the providence of Him who has seen fit to lay this affliction upon us and our Order; that we recognize in his wisdom a mo-

tive beyond what our dim eyes can discern, in that our fellow-Patriarch will be with us no more on earth.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish a remembrance of Patriarch Kerner's nobility of character, his keen insight into the affairs of men, his devotion to duty, his friendliness to this and other Encampments, his foresight and practical judgment of what was best for the Order.

Resolved, That to his bereaved family we extend our warmest sympathy; that their loss is our loss; that their grief is our grief; that in us they will ever find friends of true and tried stability; that their welfare will to us always be of greatest interest; that we ask for them a continuation of Divine blessing in their hour of darkest and deepest sadness.

Resolved, That the Patriarchs of this Encampment wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Patriarch.

C. E. Crist,
W. F. Keith,
C. A. Hall,
Committee.

Sept. 28th, 1893.

Memorial Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

The following is taken from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., held in Goldsboro', N. C., in May, 1894:

Robah Bascom Kerner, son of Dr. Elias and Partha Kerner, was born June 3d, 1859, in the town of Kernersville, N. C.

At the age of fifteen years he was confirmed a member of the Moravian church, and led such a life to the end as commended the esteem and affection of his brethren and Christians of all persuasions. His early life was spent at home, in school and in such manual labor as the home and farm demanded. At the age of fifteen he taught a public school in the town of Germanton. Soon after this he was called to assist in normal work, and at the age of sixteen he entered the Boy's Male Academy of Salem as a teacher. This was regarded a high honor for one of his age. After two years' work in this school, he spent a year at the University of North Carolina. Here, in connection with other studies, he addressed himself to a preparation for his early chosen profession—the law. At the

close of his term at the University, he re-entered the Salem school, and devoted a part of his time to the study of law under Judge Wilson and Hon. C. B. Watson. After a short interval thus spent he retired and attended the law school of Judges Dick and Dillard in Greensboro', N. C. In February, 1882, he was granted license to practice law. His industry, integrity and ability were at once recognized, and he immediately entered upon a lucrative and successful practice.

On November 6th, 1884, he married Miss Jennie, the accomplished daughter of W. O. and M. F. Donnell, of Oak Ridge, N. C. Immediately after this happy union his career kindled into a brilliancy that astonished his most intimate friends.

He did not seek office, but positions of honor and trust sought him. These he accepted from considerations of duty and not from unsanctified schemes of ambition. In 1883 he was elected Solicitor of the Inferior Court, and filled the office with honor to himself and to the admiration of friends. For years he was Chairman of the County Executive Committee of his

party. In 1885 the city of Winston elected him one of the Board of Aldermen, and he was made Secretary and City Treasurer. After serving for some years in this capacity, he was called by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens to fill the office of Mayor of the city, and was the incumbent of this office at his death. During his administration as Mayor many important measures were inaugurated and executed for Winston's improvement and progress. The city also passed some critical and trying ordeals, but with an energy and will he met these emergencies with a success that few could equal, and, perhaps, none could excel.

September 25th, 1882, he was initiated into Salem Lodge, No. 36, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. June 26, 1883, he was elected Vice-Grand, and December 18th of same year, Noble Grand. His geniality and enthusiasm in the work gained for him a rapid promotion to all the stations in his Lodge. In the year 1885 and 1886 he was Representative to the Grand Lodge. He at once became prominent in the Grand body, and was appointed District Deputy Grand Master by the Grand Masters of 1887

and 1888. At Goldsboro', May 11, 1886, he received the Grand Encampment Degree, and the next day was elected Junior Warden. In 1887 he was elected Grand High Priest; in 1888 Grand Patriarch; in 1889 Grand Representative to fill the unexpired term of Grand Representative C. M. Busbee, who had been elected Deputy Grand Sire, and performed the duty of this high station by attending the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge at Columbus, Ohio, in the year 1889.

On his death, which occurred September 25th, 1893, suitable and touching resolutions were passed by Lodge No. 36 and Encampment No. 20.

His private and social life was one of beauty and geniality. His labors were immense, but his system and industry were such that business was dispatched with a rapidity which afforded him much time with his family at home and in the social festivities of life. His chief delight was in his home and the association of loved ones there. Tokens of love to them was a study with him. Often with well chosen and useful presents—even domestics being remembered—

he made his family feel how absolutely they reigned in the purest and best affections of his heart. His hospitality was of the most hearty and generous character. As a friend, a citizen, a Christian, he was noble and magnanimous. A friend might rely on him in the hour of trial and need—an enemy might expect to be forgiven.

After a long illness of typhoid fever, lasting from June to September, he fell gently to rest at the age of 34 years.

Well may the grass grow green on his grave, and the birds sing around it their sweetest carols. Though he died young, in active accomplishments, he lived to be old, and the sod lies light and thin over the place of his peaceful sojourn.

Press Comment.

[From the Oak Leaf.]

Prof. J. Allen Holt, of Oak Ridge Institute, in *Oak Leaf*, writes:

"The community has been saddened by the death of this promising and talented young North Carolinian, which occurred at the home of his father, in Kernersville, on the 25th.

Anxiously had his many friends been waiting on the change which it was hoped would come for the better; but, alas! his days were numbered, and his life went out before he had reached the zenith of his usefulness and success.

"School teacher, lawyer, county solicitor, city treasurer, and, last but not least, mayor of the bustling and thriving city of Winston, every step of this gradation was marked by a prudence and a conservatism, by wisdom and integrity of the highest order. So when they assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory, strong men wept, and all who knew him felt the loss, and felt it keenly, of a fellow-citizen whose place could not be easily filled. In other walks of life—in the church and in all moral reforms—he was also a leader of men.

"His wife was Miss Jennie Donnell, daughter of Mr. W. O. Donnell, of this place. To her and her relatives, in their sore bereavement, we tender our warmest sympathy."

[From the Raleigh North Carolinian.]

"The deceased was a member of the law firm of Jones & Kerner. He was one of the brightest

men in the State, and few men had more friends. He was a conservative, but successful business man."

[The Durham Sun.]

Mr. J. A. Roberson, a former Winstonian and an intimate friend of the deceased, writes in the *Durham Sun*: "Our pen has a touch of sadness about it as we trace these lines and record the death of Robah B. Kerner, the talented young Mayor of the city of Winston. He was young in years—only thirty-four—a lawyer of marked ability, and he moved among his people peacefully and kindly, and in every relation and all circumstances he proved steadfast to principle, and was governed in all things by a sense of honor and duty. And thus he won for himself the love of those nearest him in life, and the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Of him it can in truth be said that the world is better for the honorable life he lived, and for the good example he has left behind him. He leaves a young wife and one child. We mingle our sorrow with his loved ones and friends. A bright and useful life has been extinguished by death. May it so be that our friend who is

gone has entered upon those immortal joys which he believed awaited him, and which he so dutifully devoted his life here to deserve; and let us trust that, reunited with loved ones gone before, he walks to-day forever safe from care and sorrow."

[From the Moravian of Bethlehem, Pa.]

"In the death of Brother Robah B. Kerner, Mayor of Winston, the Moravian Church has lost a very valuable member. He was a man of growing influence, and had attained a remarkable success in a very short time. He was particularly interested in the Kernersville congregation, which could always rely on his council and aid. His early departure has been a sore loss to the Church and to us all."

Personal Letters.

FROM THE PEN OF AN ESTEEMED FRIEND, MR. GEO. RIGHTS.

"In the death of Mayor Kerner, Winston mourns, and justly, for he was a loyal and progressive citizen, a leading lawyer, a true friend,

and was faithful to every trust imposed upon him, filling at the same time of his demise, with honor and credit, the office of Chief Executive of our local government, and due respect to his memory was observed in all the departments thereof on Tuesday and Wednesday. His death is the first, in the history of either Winston or Salem, of a mayor while actively filling the duties of that office.

"Our friendship was formed years ago and frequently strengthened as time and opportunity permitted in the hurry and bustle of two busy lives. Of him we shall always think kindly and tenderly, and ever hope to meet again beyond this brief span called time, where partings are no more, and sickness and death never come."

The compiler is indebted to

MR. E. H. WILSON

for the following extracts from his letter of April 19, 1894: "Replying to your late favor will say that I but echo the sentiments of the whole community when I say that Mr. Kerner's record as Mayor of this city has never been ex-

celled He was a fine judge of human nature, and all of his rulings were fair and impartial. When death ended his cares on earth, the universal verdict of his fellow-citizens was: "Well done, good and faithful servant." He filled with honor and credit every position in life that was assigned him. He was for a number of years (until he declined re-election) chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, and his law office for the past eight or ten years during each campaign was Democratic headquarters. The Democracy of the county has indeed lost its leader.

"It was largely through his labors that the county went Democratic at the last election. In the Third Ward he caused another door to be opened through which the white people could pass and vote, the negroes having monopolized the other entrance to the ballot-box." . .

The following extract is from a letter written by

MR. J. H. LINDSAY,

editor of the Charlottesville (Va.) *Daily Progress*:

"I cannot begin to express in words the grief and sympathy I felt at Robah's death. So bright

and promising, and with such a brilliant future before him, it is one of the mysteries of Providence that he should have been taken while many, who could have been so much better spared, were left. There was everything which ambition, friendship, and the love and devotion of family could inspire to make life sweet to him and parting sad to you. Words at such a time are so empty and meaningless. They cannot check or stem the torrent of grief that surges through the soul and shuts out every ray of sunlight. With you there should be some little pleasure now in considering how brilliant was the star that set so soon—how worthy the example so brief a life has left behind. No one's death, outside of my own family, caused me such sorrow and surprise as Robah's. My love and admiration of him was stronger than is often found among those of kindred blood. I watched his rapid rise to fame and fortune with unbounded delight, and when his death came I grieved as for a brother, and could not believe that he was really dead.

"Time is a great healer, and it is well that God has so ordained it. 'His grave will come at

last to be a place of rest and peace, almost of joy.' His own joyous life was an argument against nursing grief instead of overcoming it.'"

MR. CHARLES D. M'IVOR.

The following highly appreciated letter was received from President Charles D. McIvor in reply to being requested to reproduce the words he used in a literary address made in Kernersville, N. C., April 7, 1894:

My Dear Sir,—Absence from home has prevented an earlier reply to your letter of April 24th. I am not able to reproduce what I said in regard to Mr. Kerner. It was said on the spur of the moment, and as nearly as I can remember, it was something like this: In giving the reasons why I was glad to make an address in Forsyth county and in Kernersville, particularly, I stated that it was the birthplace and home of a man who was the friend of my boyhood and my manhood, and who, on account of his integrity and energy, achieved the highest success, and that in those respects he was a model for every boy in the audience. You quoted almost my exact language in the sen-

tences: "His perseverance never waned, and if the word surrender was in his dictionary, he never saw it."

It is impossible for me to reproduce what I said, and I feel that it is impossible for me to express my own personal loss in the death of the man who was, in many respects, my best and honored friend. I am not able to say to you how deep my sympathy has been for Mrs. Kerner and little May, but I have never written to them because, somehow, I felt that I could not.

It is a pleasure to me to know that she has found out indirectly, and has appreciated my reference to her husband and my friend on the occasion to which you refer.

If I had the time now I should be glad to write my estimate of his character and work. I shall not be able to do it now, but may do so hereafter.

Personal Mention.

In a lecture at Winston on "People We Meet," Rev. Dr. Broughton made the following remark:

"I cannot close without mentioning the name of your beloved deceased Mayor, R. B. Kerner. May God bless him, I love the memory of that man, because he was my friend."

Apologetic.

As heretofore said, the following speeches were never intended by the speaker for publication. They are given, in a great degree, as gathered from fragmentary manuscripts without revision or modification. If they should seem lacking in that elegance of diction, which the more critical expect of a printed address, let it be borne in mind that they appear honestly, in the abandoned, impetuous style which the busy young lawyer would be apt to employ on the rostrum, as in the forum, more for the masses than for the erudite. It is believed, nevertheless, that the young may find clearly set forth in these speeches the true philosophy of that success in the battle of life of which the author himself was an eminent living example.

The Boy.

SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE MRS. RIGHT'S SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I simply make my bow to you and give you notice now that I shall have no more to say to you, nor, as for that matter, will I have anything to say for you to hear. I am going to talk to the children. They are nearer my element,* and, besides, they must have some attention.

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

Well, children, wherever you are—there is a good sprinkling of you all over the house, I suppose, I know it is so of the town, because Kernersville is famous for having more children in it than any town of its size in the world. I am going to read you a little speech, if it deserves a name so grand, because I was just too busy to get it by heart. My business! Aunt Rights would call it laziness if she were

* He was medium size and young.

talking to you. Little folks, when your Committee of Gentlemen had asked me to come down and deliver an address for you, I puzzled and puzzled my brain, and sat down and thought and thought, and stood up and walked around with my hands crossed behind my back and thought, and run my fingers through my hair, and scratched my head and thought again, what shall I talk to those children about? I did just like you have done, or will do, when you come to write compositions. I thought, like you have done or will do, about the cow—that would not do to make a literary address upon. I thought about spring, the happiest of the year—the soft springtime, the season of flowers and green leaves and whispering winds—that wouldn't do. Then about the horse, the noblest animal; then about country life, the sweetest life of all. And I thought all about squirrels and rabbit-gums, and dogs and partridge-traps, and fish-hooks, and robbing birds' nests, and stealing watermelons, and running away and going a-swimming. Well, none of those would do, and the first thing I knew my mind was on soda-water, and oysters, and ice-

cream, and butter and bread, and candy. Well, that would not do. My mind turned to politics, education, sewing-machines, velocipedes, printine-presses, telegraph strikes, riots, lynching, mob law, Wall-street gambling, banks breaking, nominating conventions; and I thought of the "dear people," railroads, steam-engines, balloons, earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes, and flying horses, and by this time my mind was all in an electric shiver. In a minute I thought of a thousand topics upon which to address you. My lamp, pen, inkstand, paper, books, tables, chairs, desks, carpet, stoves, barber-shops, banks, churches, overskirts, Mother-Hubbard dresses, sea-shell hats, frizzled hair and bangs, and balky horses, and drunken men and crazy women, jumping sheep, and female suffrage, lawyers, doctors, preachers, farmers, merchants, snakes, girls, babies. All at once my brain cooled and I thought of *the boys*, and determined that *The Boy* should be my subject, because

> "The boys are better than all the ballads
> That were ever sung or said;
> For they are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead."

I feel I have a broad, unplowed field before me, because nobody ever *cultivated the boy.* Everybody shuns him. And, little folks, I'll leave it to the old ones to say if it isn't mighty nigh true, when everybody does a thing they are about two-thirds right in it. So I shall advise no one to shun my subject. There are two kinds of horses, the white horse and the black horse. I believe I am trying to shun my own subject. I should have said there are two kinds of boys, the white boy and the black boy. Then there are many other kinds of boys—the good boy, who goes to Sunday school, and the bad boy, who don't go to Sunday school; the lying boy, who don't tell the truth, and then there goes the curly-headed truthful boy, who never told a lie—a hatchet kind of George Washington boy. Children, I don't know whether that story about George Washington never having told a falsehood is true or not. As to the cutting of that cherry tree, I am informed that he did tell a story. There was a little negro boy on the plantation where George lived named Ike, and when George's father got after him for cutting the tree which he had cut, George

promptly replied, like you or I would have done, that Ike did it. His father understood him to say I did it; and because of this little misunderstanding between George and his father, his father was imposed upon, and a credulous public has ever since been imposed upon. At any rate, that is what the latest books across Mason & Dixon's line say about the Father of his Country. Then there is your mammy-boy, that is tied hand and foot by her apron strings. When he grows up and gets married he'll be known as a hen-pecked husband. Then there's the cry-baby boy. I always feel sorry for him. He looks up and he looks down, and then he looks around, and every way so appealingly, his mouth quivers piteously, and finally he bursts out into tears. He feels better then, and I do too. Then there's the big boy, full of young life and careless hope. The little boy, whose life is one continual round of sorrow, fear, and dread, because of the big boy—a kind of shorn Samson among the little ones, who is liable at any moment to knock off his hat or tread on his toes, and his stumped one at that. The only pleasure of his life is in

showing that sore toe to another little boy. Sometimes he puts on an air of self-denial and melancholy grandeur and won't show it unless the other little boy pays him a stick of chewing gum. There's the romantic boy, that wants to hunt "Injuns." His imagination is distorted. He has got a wild longing and a maddening desire to do something. You can always tell him by the rolling of his eyes, the twitching of his fingers, the stiffness of his hair as it stands on end "like the quills of the fretful porcupine," and by his general restlessness. He reads dime novels. Another kind of boy is the good-natured, good-hearted boy, that would go home with the Old Boy if he were only to invite him, for fear of hurting his feelings by refusing. Such a boy need not churn; butter won't come for him. There's the cross boy, that has been raised on vinegar and ten-penny nails and railroad spikes. The tone of his voice is cold enough to freeze his own ears, and nothing but sickly smiles come over his ever drawn-up-to-cry face. All the home he will ever have or ought to have will be an umbrella and a stump. The laughing, gay boy, who smiles away all

sadness, and across whose memory nothing flits but soft dreams. True, he drowns kittens, but hens lay eggs for him. Then there's the lazy, sleepy-headed boy! You had better mow a five-acre lot in dog days than try to get anything out of him. His wife will have to cut the wood and build the fires, and make soap and hang out the clothes, cord the wood and kill the hogs.

"But little he'll wreck if they let him sleep on
In the bed where his laziness has lain him."

There's the tardy boy, that is never at school in time—always comes late. I won't say anything about him. I might get on too many toes at once. Then there is the sugar boy; nobody ever got acquainted with him but his mother. The dreaming boy, who is always sketching in his imagination legends of the past, pictures of the present, and air castles for the future.

The brave boy, who would stand in the forefront of battle and never quail. The truly brave boy, that dares to say and do the right, regardless of results. There's the high-cheek boy and the low-cheek boy, the pale-cheek boy and the rosy-cheek boy, the shame-cheek boy and the cheek-of-a-mule boy, who is made out of brass,

There's the polite boy, who raises his hat whenever he sees a piece of calico, even if it don't wrap up more than one pound of smoking tobacco. Oh! there are as many different kinds of these bipeds as there are boys in the world. There's the black-haired boy, and the blue-eyed boy, and the white-headed boy, and the two-headed boy, and the hard-headed boy, the climb-over-the-back-fence kind of boy, run-you-crazy kind of boy, fidgety can't-be-still kind of boy.

Some folks say that a boy is like a mule, because a mule will be a mule and a boy will be a boy; but that's a mistake, for a boy will be a man, or, perhaps, a dude. Well, boys, they say that the boy is father to the man; that what the boy is that the man will be. Then it will be well for you to look to it and see which of these kind of boys you are. And I might say to the girls to look to their laurels, for with them there are little girls, and big girls, and sour girls, and sweet girls, and pretty girls, and ugly girls—all the same as the boys, only there is no such thing on the face of this broad earth as an *old* girl.

The boy's page is the brightest page any eyes ever scanned in the blotted volume of life. But there are too many queer rollicking, funny, serious, pleasant pictures upon it to note them all. We could, but we must not stop to think and look upon, for a great while, that picture of a well-natured boy, brave and gentle, warm-hearted and loving, looking the world in the face, with kind, honest eyes. But the boy, himself, looks out from his heart upon the world and life, as they lay before him, and hastens to turn the leaf, and we must, too. In after days he will reflect back upon it, and muse what bright colors it wore then, and how he enjoyed them. A man has not many years of such time. He does not know them while they are with him. It is only when they are passed along and away that he remembers how dear and happy they were. 'Tis well for the boy who enters the arena of life willingly; for, willingly or unwillingly, sooner or later, time will force him into the conflict.

Now, boys, while you have a predisposition and a natural propensity for climbing trees, robbing birds' nests and breaking your necks—

still you may put yourself to better purposes. The Great God, your Creator, intended you should. You are the hope of the world. Without the boys what will have become of the State and country fifty years hence? Then the boys will be ruling, who are, to-day, too shortlegged to reach from the bench to the floor. And the name of some boy may blaze a star, or a meteor, in the front of troubled nations, and at whose words blood may flow in torrents, and cities flame in blazes, as he stays the tide that is about to sweep away the last remnant of his country's liberty.

If there is such a great responsibility resting upon the boy—then is there not a greater responsibility resting upon those who have them to bring up? I am inclined to think that grown up people are prone to consider us boys with too little regard—though the schools and the Sunday schools, throughout the land, prove that the people are waking up to the importance of a correct training for the young; yet, in the poverty and wretchedness of our great cities, how many boys there are like Dickens' Oliver Twist, who are cuffed and buffeted—despised by all

and pitied by none. Like Oliver, as a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world, would sink into heart, he would often wish as he crept into his narrow bed that that were his coffin, and that he could be lain in a calm and lasting sleep in the church yard ground, with the tall grass waving gently above his head, and the sound of the old deep bell to soothe him in his sleep.

Some people never see any difference in boys. They only know two sorts—mealy boys and beef-faced boys. They only see their round heads, red faces, glaring eyes and wolfish appetites. They see no changing expressions of sweetness and good humor—the smiles, the cheerful, happy smiles, the thousand lights that play about the face and leave no shadow there—they are not. By their blindness they succeed in shifting from their conscience the duties they owe themselves, their boys, their country and their God.

Boys, the greatest and most essential thing to your peace and comfort here and happiness hereafter is character. Strive for that! Little things and every day duties make the man and

his character. Don't forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made with manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business, prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which a boy often gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. 'Tis little things that grow every boy into that which is good or into that which is bad. Little things will plant in your heart seeds that will spring up and redound to your everlasting welfare; while little things will instill into your soul a poison which will blacken and change it here and forever.

Little things have gradually built men up to enable them to perform the grandest of achievements; while little things have brought man to the lowest level with the blackest of black hearts, and caused him to commit the

most cruel and unnatural deeds that have ever been committed under cover of darkness since night hung over the world. Boys, look to these little things that creep into your characters. Be honest—not because honesty is the best policy—but because it is right, because it is noble, because it is manly.

Boys, cultivate a cheerful disposition! What but youth can echo back the soul of youth all the music of its wild vanities and romantic follies? Let the sunshine of the summer morning shine cloudless over your pathway of life. Boys, be energetic. Be alive and wide-awake. Attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality and dispatch will crown your efforts with success.

Know that labor of any kind—the blister of the hand or the blister of the brain—is the highest virtue. Despise not the day of small things, but that which your hand finds to do, do it with your might. There is a grand opening for the boys in this country who have the brain for conceiving and the muscle for execution—boys who are to grow into men with sound senses and open eyes. The cry is no longer heard

throughout the land: "Young man, go West." He who moves his arm to do and dare—he who puts his shoulder blades to the wheel, will have no lines in after-life to rub out; and when he sits down, in his old age, and his thoughts go far back, and are busy with the past—the past of his boyhood days, his memories will be sweet and pleasant.

"He can tell you what he's done for right and truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid-span."

Be stout-hearted and remember that your fortune depends upon your own efforts and deserts. Remember that when you fall into the river and struggle of life, "Its good night, sink or swim, little buttercups." "There shall be no Alps," exclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte, as his young ambition was fired. Every boy feels his pulses quicken and his eye flash at the sound of that name. Not even the dreary banishment to St. Helena can quite eclipse, in his mind, that meteor-like splendor of his advance from an obscure military position to the throne of an empire. While all cannot climb to some lofty

niche in the temple of fame, still no truer, no more inspiring and encouraging sentiment to the youth of our land was ever uttered than that "every man is the architect of his own fortune." Wise men and profound philosophers all tell us that thoughts once awakened can never slumber again. If I can impress that thought, that idea, that truth, that *reality*, that every man is the architect of his own fortune—that you have your mind given you, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something whereon you are to proceed and act—that you will be what you make yourself—that the blessed sun shines for all—that the cunning of your ten fingers, the strength of your right arm—that your stern integrity of character and sincerity of purpose, that your industry, your perseverance, your self-culture, that your will, your uprightness, your honesty, qualities which are the true glory of human character, all, all are the measures by which success will be meted out to you; that they will fill your soul with noble ardors, affections and aspirations; that they will work out your life task—that they will be stars for you to follow which will lead you to

a glorious haven, I will feel content and abundantly repaid for what I have said to-night.

"If what shone afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again, the virtue lies,
In the struggle, not the prize."

June 6th, 1884.

Future of Piedmont, N. C.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—By request I am here to-day to deliver an address, if I may be pardoned for using a phrase so high-sounding, before this Literary and Musical School. I deem myself remarkably fortunate to have the honor of speaking to you who are interested in these subjects—Literature and Music—which I know and feel we hold so thoroughly in common. I need not tell you of the immense delight that I have experienced in the abundant fields of Literature—of the many dear, long nights I have spent in sweet converse with the grand old masters—Shakspeare, Scott, Byron, Milton, Bunyan, Burke, and it will be enough for you to know of the inestimable amount of music that there is in my soul. It is there in abund-

ance; or, at least, it ought to be, for I have not been able to get any of it out since my days of bibs and cradles, when it came out in bawls. The greatest delineator of human character has said, "He that hath no music in his soul, is fit for treason, strategems, and spoils!" For this reason I would never make a draw on the music that is in me for fear I might draw too heavy. From the way some of these folks have been singing here to-day, if there is such a thing as pumping all the music out a man's soul it's my opinion that Yadkin county is destined to turn out some full fledged traitors. Guess some of them will be trying for spoils, too. I am a good ways from home, and am rather *spoilt* myself. I am kind of uneasy—but then I shall not care for that—just so the sweetest singer gets me—I know it won't be a man.

But, seriously! I trust we are here to-day for some purpose! If I am fortunate enough to let one word drop from my lips to-day to encourage and inspire a single man or woman, a single boy or girl, to press onward in the faithful discharge of duties owing to themselves and their neighbors, to their State and their country, I

shall feel abundantly repaid for my visit from Winston to Yadkin county.

I come to speak to you to-day upon the future of Western North Carolina. Of its possibilities more than its probabilities. I am a great believer—I have a wonderful confidence in the future glory and prosperity of the Old North State; and for fear my speech should grow too strongly tinctured with enthusiasm, for fear I dip my pen too deeply into my imagination, thereby causing some very matter-of-fact people to go away and say that it was all visionary; he didn't know what he was talking about—he said some most ridiculously absurd things; he asserted this, and he asserted that—I say out of abundance of caution to protect myself, I will now announce that I reserve the privilege to deny anything that I may be accused of having said. If any one goes away and tells that I said *that*, I'll proceed to deny it flatly. I just now told you that I propose to talk about the future. Well, a man who talks about the future should be a prophet. But I am not a prophet, neither am I the son of a prophet. But I am willing to risk my reputation as one in prophesying for

North Carolina to-day, reserving the privilege of denying having said anything that I may say. In Old Testament times the Jewish prophets, when preparing for a public career, used to retire to solitary places—to the caves of the rock or the hollow bosom of the hills, or the depths of the wilderness—there gazing upon the grand movements of the universe and musing upon the history of the human race, they became acquainted with the ways of God in nature and in providence—inspirations—

> "Inspirations unfathomed and untrod,
> Save by even and morn and the angels of God."

came upon them. They felt themselves filled—possessed with a divine message, and returning to the haunts of men, they proclaimed their message to the nation with a voice like a trumpet. Such inspirations, with the grand old men of God, have passed away and vanished forever. But to-day man, mingling with his fellow-man and profiting and judging by the lessons taught by the history of the past, may in his cool, calculating way, foretell the peace, prosperity, and glory that are about to be show-

ered down upon a people. I feel no hesitancy to-day in saying to you that I can now see the long black lines of the clouds of peace; that great thunder heads of prosperity are showing themselves along the western horizon, and that the lightning of future glory is playing around our heads as a people. All the requisite signs of a refreshing shower are now making themselves plainly visible. The final coming of that much-to-be-desired rain depends upon our efforts and deserts. It is to be a general rain, extending over the whole of this continent of fifty million people, but it will not come alike upon the just and the unjust—alike upon the energetic and the slothful. The energy and the effort put forth by each and every individual will aid in swelling the deep flood that is to sweep over the land.

North Carolina has been called the Rip Van Winkle of the States of the Union. The question is, Shall she awake; shall she arouse and shake off her lethargy? I do not hesitate to pledge my word for Western North Carolina. Already is she disclaiming her caterpillar existence and putting on the beautiful colors of the

butterfly. The frost of age is thawing out. Already has she awakened. Already has she aroused and shaken off her slothfulness, and is now surely, if not rapidly, advancing in the line of civilization, education, and progress. Lights of morning in the golden east stream along and across her horizon. To-day she is flushed with success and sanguine in hopes. I for one have no regrets, but cannot lift unflinchingly the pall from the bier of her dead past. I for one have no fear for her future. The burdens that she has in times gone by groaned under, my heart sickens to think of and my tongue falters to utter. But whatever mistakes may have been made, into whatever lap of a false destiny she may have fallen, whether the memory of her history as a State is unsullied or not, although many within the sound of my voice remember well when her roadway was hung in funeral blackness, how excited passions and embittered prejudices blotted and blurred every feeling of humanity; how the foundations of society were upheaved by father being set against son and son against father; well do you remember the terrible conflict of arms and the

bloody scenes of battle. Although the young man of to-day never knew any other lullaby in the gloomy dawn of his childhood than the din and roar of the fight and the trampling of horses' hoofs, still Western North Carolina is catching fresh zeal and new fire, and from no ray of hope, but from amidst the deepest darkness in which a nation was ever wrapped, the prospect of peace, concord, liberty and justice is breaking forth; for all which let us shout notes of praise and infinite gratitude to Him who shapes the fortunes of men and rules the destinies of nations. Let us forget the past. Let the poet sing of the future, and all of us grow visionary and enthusiastic over the Utopia that may be founded here. Why should this section of country in which we live not become a rich, educated, prosperous, and happy part of the Union, excelled by no spot in these United States or on the face of the green earth? I know no reason why it should not. Why should it become rich, educated, prosperous, and happy, and to a degree equaling and excelling other portions of our common country? I know many reasons why it should.

The greatest of all lands depends upon the wealth of its soil. England, with all her maritime greatness, would be unable to maintain her dominion on land and sea but for the inexhaustible resources of her agricultural and mineral wealth. These products of a country's soil are either imbedded by nature in the bowels of the earth in mineral form or are the result of husbandry, when they appear in the shape of cotton, wheat and tobacco, or a spontaneous outgrowth of magnificent timber. Added to these natural resources are the water powers of the country and its climate. Any people who can grow wheat and raise beef are capable of becoming a great race. Here, in Western North Carolina, are all the advantages which I have enumerated. Our streams run in a thousand directions. Our mountain forests are to supply the world with timber, while iron, the ultimate source of all progress, is imbedded in inexhaustible supply beneath our feet. One hundred years from to-day this country around about us will be then in the infancy of a career unsurpassed. Our soil can be rendered by cultivation as fertile as can be found anywhere;

our climate is the very best, adapted to the growth of any and everything from the grand, mighty, gigantic, eloquent oaks down to the red lips of the roses; the health of our people is as fine as good water and pure mountain air can make it; our territory is as large as England, the most powerful nation on the globe; our mineral resources are inexhaustible; enough water runs idly away from the single river—your own Yadkin—to turn all the spindles and looms in Yankeedom; our mountains are as high; our sky is as blue; our valleys are as broad; our rivers are as deep; our men are as brave; our women as fair, and our babies are as fat and as sweet as any the sun ever shone upon.

Then what is it we lack to make us a great people? The only thing lacking is to put in motion and to use the many and great things that God has placed at our disposal. Apply the strength of our hands and the courage of our hearts, tempered with good sense and sound policy, and the task is completed. Now, are these facts all—is it simply the hand of hope beckoning youth to the golden land of air-cas-

tles? These natural advantages, aided by a quickness to conceive and an energy to execute, can make this a great land. It must be done! *I* know not how! Like half-comprehended notions that flit dimly through children's brains, but strangely impressive, I feel, and I tell you, that it will be done! With us, I am inclined to think, that politics has always played too important a part in the thoughts of our people. Not that I would have them forget that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"; not but that the great bulwarks of English freedom must be closely and keenly watched; not but that the people must from time to time boldly, fearlessly and effectively interfere with public affairs, for they must see to it they are properly burdened with taxes; they must hold the authorities directly responsible to themselves. They must see to it that the personal liberty of no individual, however humble, is violated by any power, however great. The old and sacred right—trial by jury—must be maintained at the expense of every drop of blood throughout the land. The freedom, purity and eternity of the ballot-box must be defended now and forever if we are to live

in a free country and live freemen. Here it was the first seeds of American liberty were sown; here lived the men who headed the Insurrection, drew the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; and while the world stood amazed at their fearlessness and audacity, the neighboring colonies caught on fire with their spirit of freedom, and to-day in our land parliaments are not called together by the stroke of the pen of one man or scattered by the breath of his mouth. Here this precious spark of liberty was kindled, and here may it be eternally preserved. Then surely it is not meet that it should be extinguished here. For the world, I would not have the people give up the reins of government which they have so effectually and signally snatched from the hands of kings, tyrants and despots. They must continue to hold those reins if the horses of liberty are to draw the chariot of freedom in which this nation to-day rides, and, I trust, that they will continue to hold them until eternity rolls her wave against the millenial strand. I only mean to say to you to be energetic, to be wide-awake in other things than politics. If the people of this country had seasoned

their thoughts and conversations upon politics with education and agriculture in their rightful and legitimate proportion, North Carolina would be to-day what she will be some time—the foremost State of all this Union. Let our people, when they come together on occasions like these, learn to talk of something else than politics. Politics deserve a high seat in the minds of all men; but let them not usurp the positions that other things require and demand. Agriculture, minerals, education, machinery, railroads and other topics that must inevitably lead to the development of this great country, ask a moment's consideration at your hands. I am happy to say, and know, that these are engaging the attention of the leading minds among us. Slowly and surely the methods and results of agriculture are being made greater and better. All the improved machinery is being more and more, day by day, resorted to. The mineral wealth whose veins are almost bursting with anxiety, arrogance and pride, to show their vast fertility, richness and splendor, is being dug from its deep, dark cavern home. Almost every county in the State has its railroad and the

whistle of the iron-horse tells the time of day for nearly every household in North Carolina. Our people have never shown more zeal and attachment; have never been more terribly in earnest and more keenly *alive* to that greatest of all motive powers—Education—in making a community prosperous and great. Education is rearing its head high above the filth and scum of ignorance, in which it has so long been buried, and bids fair to weild the influence for good with us; that it, and it alone, can weild. An educated people are the freest people. An educated people are the richest people. When a fair standard of education has been fixed and every man aspires to it as near as he can, then, and not till then, will our country be truly great. It may before then become rich and powerful, but not truly great. It is too true that this is the time and reign of *money*. Crafty avarice has transplanted the brilliant chivalry of the bygone age. One hundred and more years ago Edmund Burke, in the following words, pronounced the death-knell and funeral oration of the decline and decay of that brightest of all time: "I thought ten thousand swords must

have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous royalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness." Yes, that's all gone, and we can do nothing but make the best we can of this our day of money and corruption. I like to see a man in the lead, let his cause be good or bad. So I want to see my country grow the richest of them all, even if it is at the expense of becoming the most corrupt. That's bad morals, but the ten-

dency of our day and time makes it truthful and indisputable logic. Money, the trash of other men and other times, is the God of ours. Money we can make here and have our country blossom like the rose, if we only put forth the proper effort and energy. Massachusetts, one of the richest States in the Union, has made her wealth off of nothing but patent churns and the double back-action rotary cut and come again self-adjusting pumps and self-acting rocking cradles, patent medicines, and wooden nutmegs, and they had to get the wood of us. We, in natural resources, are the richest. We've got soil, we've got territory, we've got climate, we've got water-power, we've got muscle, we've got brain to do anything that man has ever done. The only question is have we the energy and manhood to take advantage of these things that lay within our grasp? We need pluck, perseverance, determination, the "never-say-die" spirit. We need men to make this whole country rich as our garden-spots. Around every man's house we find at least one rich truck-patch that pays him ten times better than any other land he owns. If one place on the plan-

tation can be made so rich and fertile, why can't the whole plantation, and the plantations throughout Western North Carolina be turned into what our country should be, with its advantages—the garden-spot of the world? We need men to plow deep. We need men to build us houses. We need men to grade us better highways. We need railroads. We want to see every stream that pours down from our mountain-sides turning machinery. We want to see every boy and girl able to read and write and possessed of a fair education to enable them to wage successfully the battles of this life. We want to see every hillside waiving with grain. We want to see the land dotted with school-houses and churches. We want to see each one of our farms cut up into fifty acres. We want to see one hundred men where there is now one. We don't want to see any more emigration from the State. We want to see a love for North Carolina written upon the tablets of the hearts of all her sons and daughters. We want to see more railroads—not too many—no, not too many, because we want to be masters of this country. We want to see better dirt-roads. We

want to hear the clack of the shuttle, and the hum of the spindle mingling in sweet unison with every drop of water as it runs murmuring to the sea. We want to see every man with his wife and little ones sit down under his own vine and fig tree, and worship God after the dictates of his own conscience. We want to see every man, woman and child in Western North Carolina happy. We want her to grow in such a direction and manner that all of her citizens from the humblest to the highest may become so. We would like to see North Carolina grow greater, abound in wealth, advance in education and civilization until she shall become the greatest State of the many great States of the grandest nation that has ever been written upon the scroll of history.

June 27, 1883.

Delivery of Medals—Davis School.

Ladies and Gentlemen: If there is one trait in the character of man that tends more than any other to distinguish him from the other members of the animal kingdom, it is his ambition,

his desire to excel. And if there be one thing above all others that is especially and peculiarly delightful to the average American, it is a contest. The hue and cry of the American is the man who has beat some other man doing something. But be it also said, to the everlasting praise of the American people, that they have nothing but praise and admiration for the man that "goes down with his colors flying." From time immemorial—long before Homer wrote songs or Plato taught metaphysics—it has been customary, among the more enlightened and highly-cultured people of the earth, to engage in contests wherein prowess, skill, and ability shower upon their fortunate possessor laurels of praise, glory, and renown.

While these medals should be appreciated for their intrinsic worth and beauty, they are chiefly valuable for the lessons of perseverance, energy, and determination that they teach. I desire to impress upon every young man present the fact that success in every undertaking depends upon individual exertion. Every medal that I shall have the pleasure and honor of delivering here to-day will have been won by the exertion of

the individual who receives it. It was the ambition which welled up from his own soul that now places the coveted medal into his hands and the crown of triumph upon his forehead.

Soon, young men, you will be engaged in the actual contest of life; and let me tell you, that the man that lives in this, the latter part of the nineteenth century, and in this section of these United States, stands badly in need of all the forces of his nature and mind that contests like these develop and mature.

History has no parallel to the generation upon whose final decade we have now entered; nor have the centuries a duplicate to ours, now so near its wane. This is largely due to the freedom that the individual has enjoyed in this country under our form of government, and the spirit of competition, contesting, rivaling, and excelling, that naturally and necessarily exists. It is this spirit that has sharpened man's wits and made him smarter than ever before. In time gone by, if man had a purpose to accomplish and encountered opposition, he met that opposition by force and won his victory by blows

and a fight. To-day opposition is encountered, and it is met by smiles, and compliments are bestowed, and you are literally covered with little acts of consideration—all of which simply means that your head is being greased that you may the more easily be swallowed.

Many social and political questions are arising that the educated and intelligent young men of this country will have to solve. For more than twenty-five years we of the South have sit sad and desolate amid the ashes of our ruins, in storm and darkness, amid the deep execration of a large section of our common country, but all the while with apologies for nobody; without capital and without credit, enforced bankrupts, beset on every hand by prejudices and animosities, the people of the South have been and are building their waste places, and now, to the most casual observer, it is apparent that a high and mighty tide of prosperity is about to sweep over this great and glorious Southland. If you are to ride upon the billows of this great prosperity, you will need all the powers that have been brought into action to make it possible for you to win these medals.

If this government of the individual is to be maintained in all its strength and grandeur; if the gulf between the rich and poor is not to grow deeper and deeper and wider and wider; if we are not to worship mammon and the golden calf; if we are not to submit to a condition of things which give to one set of men and women purple and fine linen, and to the other wretchedness and poverty; if the monopolists and the capitalists are not to seat themselves upon the thrones from which our forefathers tore kings and emperors; if we are to remain that which has always been our pride and glory, a nation of men free and equal, then every young man who is about to enter upon the contest of life will greatly need all the elements of character, pluck and determination that have been displayed here to-day. May Davis School and all other institutions of learning throughout the land continue to instill and develop such characteristics as make the sturdiest manhood. In the contest of life may you be as successful as in the one just closed. I can wish you no greater success.

To the successful contestants I tender my hearty congratulations. You have a right to feel

proud, and I know you do, of your success. I hazard nothing in saying to you, that you have the congratulations of all the people within the sound of my voice. To the less fortunate, I take pleasure in saying, that it were a thousand times better to have tried and failed, than to have never tried at all.

Sunday-School Address.

One hundred years ago, during the season that birds sing and twigs shoot, when the sun shines and the flowers swing their censor and waft their odors, there was seen in that part of the quaint old town Gloucester, England, known as St. Catherine's Meadow, a man and woman in deep and earnest conversation. As the man turned and wended his way through the filth common to manufacturing districts, to the more respectable and cleanly portion of the community, high and mighty thoughts were turning themselves over in his mind—thoughts which, if they could be performed, would humanize and Christianize millions of souls. These thoughts had been inspired by the sight of lit-

tle rag-amuffins playing and running wild in the streets, and by a visit that had just been made by the man to the county prison, where, from observation and by conversing with the wretched inmates, who were starving for the want of bread, and dying from infectious diseases, he found that ignorance was the link that connected and fastened crime to its victim. The woman had just told him that a week day was no comparison in idleness and wickedness to the Sabbath; that on Sunday the streets were filled with a multitude of wretches, who, having no employment on that day, spent their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing. As he contemplated the short step, how many of their children would be taken from the street to the ancient walls of that dismal prison, which stood upon the banks of the mournful Severn; how some would enter never to come out again—only to sicken and die—suffering all the pangs that can be inflicted on both body and soul; how others of them would in time be turned out upon a cold and ruthless world, with their lives blackened and blasted forever; how they might be trained and brought

up to make useful citizens, a credit to themselves and an ornament to society—as he contemplated this contrast, what they promised to be and what they might be, his heart sank with pity and love, two of the noblest passions that has ever been planted by God in the breast of man; such pity and love for those children, those predestined felons, as aroused the noblest instincts, the truest qualities, and the best energies of the man, and made Gloucester the birthplace and cradle, and Robert Raikes the founder, of Sunday-schools—the grandest institution, the most productive of good of any that has ever been devised and established by the brain and genius of man. This great and mighty conception has been equaled only by the results that have flowed and are to-day flowing from it. The least has felt its care, and the greatest have acknowledged its power. It has become world-great, not because it is world-wide, but because it is world-deep: it seized down upon the roots—the children, the future men of all mankind.

Raikes himself styled it a plan for the reform of the rising generation, and its mission is the same to-day. He began his work by hiring four

female teachers at one shilling per Sunday. All that was requisite to entitle a boy to scholarship was clean hands, clean face, and hair combed. They were taught to be kind and good-natured to each other, not to provoke one another; to be dutiful to their parents, not to offend God by cursing and swearing—such little, plain precepts which all may understand. They were told of the Creation and Deluge; of the Tower of Babel and the Confusion of Tongues; of the wickedness and destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the wrath of God; of Abraham and Isaac; of the deceit of Jacob, and the rise of Joseph in Pharaoh's land; of the boldness of Daniel Godliness of Samuel; of the love of David and Jonathan, and the wisdom of Solomon, and the magnificence of his Temple; and the "old, old story of Jesus and his love."

Such was the beginning of the Sunday school—an institution which has been and which will continue to be fraught with future good and mercy to generations yet unborn.

"Once by the river side
A little fountain rose:
Now like the Severn's seaward tide
Round the broad world it flows."

As soon as Charles Wesley heard of the work, he exclaimed: "Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries of the church." How literally have his expectations been fulfilled. The Sunday-school is to the Church of God what a chapel is to a meeting-house. Through the door of the Sunday-school thousands upon thousands of souls have entered the church. It is almost incredible with what rapidity this little grain of "mustard seed"—this teaching of precept and telling of Bible stories by four women—spread itself over England. In less than five years there were three hundred thousand scholars in attendance upon these schools, and to-day there are five millions in the British Kingdom. One town had a school of four hundred pupils, when, a half-dozen years before, there could not be found in the whole parish but one Bible, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. In the same school there was a class at which every man wore spectacles.

Adam Smith, the great economist, said at the time: "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." It passed along—

from land to land, from nation to nation, from people to people—with rapid speed, like unto the lightning leaping from mountain peak to peak. It was the sudden bursting of a secret fountain. It was simply a fulfillment of the commands of the Bible, as given in Deuteronomy ages ago: "Gather the people together, men and women and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the works of this law." Robt. Raikes was sent to do this work—"a soul on highest mission sent."

In performing this task, we are not to suppose he met with no difficulties and no opposition simply because of its success. He did meet opposers and great opposition, but he overcame it. They even went so far as to threaten him with arrest. He was accused of breaking the the fourth commandment and desecrating the Sabbath. As then, so now, those who opposed him and his work, did so for the want of enlightenment and knowledge, the lack of perception, and the need of the spirit of God, or for a superabundance of the devil in their hearts.

But he outlived the storm, and rode upon the waves of triumph, beneath which his drowned opposers lay. His resisters have gone down to the bottom of the sea of a world-wide contempt and malediction, and, in spite of all their envious efforts, the whole of Christendom heard of Robert Raikes and sounded his praises.

Were I disposed to pronounce an eulogy upon any one, I could not select a more appropriate person than this noble-hearted philanthropist, this lover of humanity, this founder of Sunday-schools. He was an instructor of the ignorant and a father to the poor. He was possessed of an unequaled, inspiring, moving, and directing power. He cast sunlight into the shadow of many a life. He cast and forged the well-being and destiny of whole nations and generations by delivering them from their bonds of ignorance and wickedness, and an acknowledgment of gratitude to his memory fills the breast of all Christian people.

He went down to his grave amid the tears of his own people and age, where he peacefully lies to-day with the benedictions of posterity resting upon him. That grave is filled by one

who cannot die. His light is destined to flame as a beacon over long centuries and many epochs in the history of mankind, and in the slowly rising monument of a world redeemed to goodness, no name should be emblazoned in larger characters or grander letters than that of Robert Raikes.

The work has been commenced and the people of every age must do their part in its continuance. Everybody should attend the Sunday-school, either as teacher or pupil, from the time the cradle is left till the tomb is entered. I know the responsibility of the Sunday-school instructors to be great. Of them it may be said with almost literal truth: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." But, great as is the responsibility, they will find, if they have done their duty, when they have wiped the sweat from their foreheads and the tears from their eyes, that their reward is even greater than the responsibility. Just what is their duty is somewhat difficult to say. There are many things, both spiritual and temporal, that they

should look after and teach; while the prime object should tend to the salvation of souls, there are other matters which would not be amiss—matters which must be attended to before the Spirit can become as "pure as waters welling from the rock."

The Sunday-school must be a nursery where youth's love of truth and purity—its bright hopes and precious innocence—must be grown and ripened into true and noble manhood and womanhood. In this free land of ours our young people generally have their own way to make, and nothing to make it with, but their own head and hands. I, of course, except the girls; they have an addition—their pretty faces. Naturally they are early thrown upon their own resources. Now I take it that at the Sunday-school more is done towards the shaping of character, fitting it for the duties of society and business life than anywhere else. I maintain that the success and existence of our self-ruling government depends upon the efficiency of this work. Individuals make nations, and unless the individuals of the whole people be brought up in the path of intelligence and mo-

rality such a form of government as ours cannot endure. Already a malaria of infidelity has floated across the Atlantic and begins to infect the pure air of the Western continent.

I know that it has become fashionable with some people to treat God as a mythical Being, to sneer at patriotism as a worn out prejudice and to contemn philanthropy as a sentimental catchword. Such erroneous invasions and damning ideas as these the Sabbath-school worker of to-day has to combat. Sunday-school workers teach the children to fear and love the God that made them, and to stand on the Bible—His holy truth—though they, like Luther, stand solitary and friendless. Teach them honor, for with honor comes self-respect and honesty. Teach them bravery, for with true bravery comes humbleness and peacefulness. Teach them patriotism, a love for their country, a care for its position among the nations, an anxiety for its honor, a pride in its renown, and to glory in its exaltation. Brush the cobwebs of ignorance and prejudice from their eyes and let them grow up to be free men and women; for people immersed in ignorance and prejudice are less free than

wise men locked in dungeons and loaded with chains. Point them to the road that leads to peace and comfort here, and happiness and heaven hereafter. Encourage them to make their lives blessed, their actions noble, their souls pure, and their death peaceful. You have the formation of their character, enlarge and ennoble it. Persuade them to be *men* in every sense of the word. In the Sunday-school more than in any other place, a boy is to be encouraged. Nothing inspires him so much as a kind word or compliment from his teacher. Let it be instilled into them to do that which they know to be their duty, not in the hope of ease, worldly pleasures, or sugar plums of any kind, but because it is right, noble, and manly; and to show themselves to be God-made men. Such inspirations expand and exalt the soul. In them all Christianity is emblemed. Inspire the children of your land with such ideas, hopes, and aims, and your memory in this world will be honored with tears, and when you stand before high heaven, you will rejoice to have your deeds ranked among the most glorious achievements wrought by man. A rarer gem than

that which will encircle your brow will not be found in that day when "the Lord of Hosts shall make up His jewels."

On next Sunday, not less than ten million souls will meet in the Sunday-school cause. What a number! The mind of man cannot grasp and realize its vastness. They will meet in every land of Christendom—in the tropics and in the Arctic regions; amid the snow-capped peaks of Newfoundland and among the orange bowers of Florida; within the civilization of Europe and on the plains of America; in every country, amid every people, and within all nations where the true God is known and worshipped. And these millions of young people will carry with them the prayers of as many older ones. Some one has said, "There is no greater link between this life and the next than God's blessing on the young breathed from the lips of the old." Truly these meetings of the young and prayers of the old, over the face of the whole world, form a scene which causes angels to draw aside the curtain of the sky and look down upon it with wonder, joy, and amazement.

Such is the influence that the Sunday-school has exerted and exerts to-day over mankind; and its future career will be no less brilliant and powerful than its past. It has raised millions from the scum and filth of society to respectability, and there it will sustain them. It must and will keep the masses of our American people pure; and, with this assurance, well may the beat of our pulse and heart grow quicker when we think upon the glorious destiny that awaits us as individuals and as a nation. Upon the intelligence and purity of the individuals of the masses depend our success and happiness, and it is the lot of this institution—the Sunday-school—to preserve and nurture them. It will not fail us! It cannot fail us! With the Saviour of man to direct its course, it will continue on its march of conquest, and will at last be crowned with success in the redemption of a fallen world.

Address of Welcome.

Patriarchs of the Grand Encampment of the State of North Carolina: In the name of our people, and in the name of the Patriarchs of

Salem Encampment, it affords me great pleasure to extend to you a kindly greeting and most cordial welcome to the city of Winston. She feels herself honored by being permitted to welcome the representatives of an order which, although less than a century old, to-day stands second to no other association of a similar character in the world, embracing in its membership some of the best types of American manhood, and with a record of having given in benefits and charity millions upon millions of dollars.

Our people know that Odd Fellowship is rearing a grand and magnificent temple upon an indestructible foundation of true friendship and brotherly love; they know that victorious banners of war and conquest will never hang upon its walls; they know that the tread of the rich and powerful will never fall upon its floors; but they know that in every nook and corner and crevice of this temple, from turret to dome, will be found a power to protect and a courage to defend the friendless and helpless, the widow and the orphan. The sun will refuse to shine before good old motherly, steady Salem, and young, generous, and enthusiatic Winston fail

to give a hearty welcome to men enlisted in a cause so noble and unselfish.

When I say that you are sincerely welcomed within the walls of this Encampment, I but re-echo the sentiment and express the fraternal love that throbs within the heart of every Patriarch in our midst. We have all looked forward to this meeting with pleasant anticipations, expecting new life to be inspired into us and expecting to learn more and more of the value of our principles. We want to be encouraged to live up to the principles of our order. By every bed of sickness, at every grave, in every home made desolate by death in this city of Winston-Salem, we want an Odd Fellow to be found doing the noble work of Odd Fellowship.

Trusting that your sojourn among us will be agreeable to yourselves and profitable to us, in the name of Winston-Salem, and in the name of every Odd Fellow and Patriarch in our community, I again bid you welcome, and when the time comes to say farewell, we hope that only pleasant memories of your visit may accompany you to your homes.

A Plea for Equality of Contest.

It is said of the eloquent and lamented Henry Grady that it was not his practice to prepare and commit to writing his speeches, but that he depended solely upon the inspiration of the moment and the occasion. I would give the millions of Jay Gould, were they mine to give, for the ability to express, in the eloquent words and terms of Henry Grady, the thoughts with which I have been inspired since sitting upon this rostrum. I am made to long the more for such gifts since I am to attempt to speak after the delivery of the magnificent orations that have been pronounced in your hearing to-day.

But, alas! such gifts are vouchsafed to but few individuals; and whatever sentiments I may have to utter must be such as come to me, as it were, in cold blood. For the possession of these two medals there has been a spirited and heated contest waged, and the greatest compliment that can be paid the successful contestants is to point to the contestants over whom they have won their victory. From such contests many useful and valuable lessons may be drawn, for,

from this time forth, those of you who are leaving the school-room, forever more, will find that life is a contest.

I desire to direct your attention to the fact that in the contest just closed, all the contestants, in so far as human power could control, stood upon an *equality*. This was positively necessary, or you would have rebelled.

Now, I make the point, that in the contest of life, it is infinitely essential that all people, in so far as it is humanly possible, shall stand upon an absolute equality; and, with your kind permission and indulgence, I will offer a few thoughts along this line that may, and, I hope, will, prove a source of reflection for you hereafter, and help you to fill your place in the world, which you are about to take, with profit and pleasure to youself and those among whom your lot may be cast.

One hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson wrote in the great Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal." That thought flashed like a streak of lightning over, above, across, and into all Christendom. Kings, Queens and Emperors were smitten and para-

lyzed, many of them, even unto death; thrones trembled, tottered and fell. It was genius to create such a thought; and for a century civilized man has been content with the simple assertion. But the time is fast coming when the people shall not only declare that men are created equal, but they will demand that men be kept equal. The generation that has just passed declared men equal. It is the lot of this generation to devise ways and means to keep men equal. In so far as it is possible and practical, it is a "consummation devoutly to be hoped for." Though the grasp of the tyrant and ruler has been torn, during the last century, from the necks of the people by Jefferson and his compatriots, they have not abolished poverty and want. In the past century, as in no other, monstrous wealth has been piled mountain high, but its division and distribution has been sadly at fault. While in principle it is admitted that men are created equal, in practice they are not kept equal. Among the masses, everywhere, there is said to be a feeling of unrest, and that is attributable to the unequal distribution of wealth. The vast gulf between the rich and

the poor is deepening every day. It is alleged that the whole agricultural and industrial world is enslaved by legislation in favor of gigantic private trusts and monopolies. But, whatever condition of affairs may exist in other countries, it is safe to say that the people of this country—the great middle class, in whose veins run not Anglo-Saxon blood, not French blood, not German blood, not Italian blood, nor the blood of the Scandinavian, but that new, distinct and incomparable blood—the American blood—are not ready to submit to that condition of things which gives to one set of men and women purple and fine linen, lace and silken skirts, and to the other wretchedness and poverty. How to keep men equal? That is the question of the day. The United States has had an existence of little more than one hundred years. They have had no tyrannical forms of government. The nation when but an infant shook from the head of the King of England his crown, and trampled it under foot. We have not been taxed to support royalty. In all our governmental affairs the voice of the people has been heard and heeded and has controlled, as in no other gov-

ernment, from the beginning of time; and never has a nation so grown. We have broadened, widened and deepened; accumulated, gathered together and piled up as no people ever did before. We have gone through and experienced the dangers and horrors of civil war, the most terrible and fearful of modern times. Instead of its being a check to the great North and Northwest, it seemed to be a powerful incentive to their growth. But to the South it was a hard blow—a blow from which she has not yet recovered.

For thirty years the South has sat sad and disconsolate amid the ashes of her ruin in storm and darkness, under the deep execration of many of the Northern brethren. Thirty years ago there were young men upon these grounds occupying the same positions you occupy; they had the same aspirations and the same hopes that you to-day have. But their country called them away from their friends, their relatives, their homes, their sweethearts—from their hopes and their ambitions—to the battlefield. Many of them went never to return, and long, long ago the last of their bones bleached and

mouldered away into dust in the valleys and among the hills of Virginia. After four long and weary years others returned to their homes to find father and mother impoverished and broken-hearted; friends gone; homes empty; fields uncultivated; poverty on every hand. The State, under military rule, destined to soon pass into even worse hands—the hands of the carpet-bagger. Fire and sword had done their work. But depressing as the times were the rebel soldiers, and the old men who had stayed at home and provided them with sustenances while they fought their country's battles, manfully set to work to rebuild the waste places, with apologies for nobody, without capital and without credit, enforced bankrupts, beset on every hand by the prejudices and animosities of the people of the North. For twenty-five years the South has been fighting to gain and maintain the position among the States of these United States, and among the nations of the world, that her natural advantages and the character of her people entitle her to. I am here to-day to tell you that though defeated in war, she has won the nobler victory of peace.

The tide of prosperity is upon us. Every rill is swelling into a branch, every branch into a stream, every stream into a river, and we are rapidly sailing into the great sea of industrial development. The whole South is awakening and is destined to become in no great while, the abode of vast populations of people and of great wealth. because of its climate, soils, minerals, coal, and wood. Northwestern North Carolina and Southwestern Virginia are destined to be the garden spots. It is certain that we have borne all the hardships of poverty, and the signs of the time beyond question point to the fact that this very section of country in which we live will become immensely wealthy. Then the question must naturally present itself to every thoughtful mind, how shall we grow? Some growth is worse than no growth at all. If we are wise we will learn the history of other people and of other portions of these United States and profit by their experience. Though history has no parallel to the generation upon whose final decade we have now entered, nor have the centuries a duplicate to ours, now so near its wane. Walk into a city church to-day, and

hear the minister discourse on politics and the general topics of the day, or listen to the music of trained voices chanting the glories of God in operatic splendor, and you will see and hear much that eloquently bespeaks the difference between the worship of the Creator to-day, and that taught in the old log meeting-house, in the simple rules of the circuit-rider fifty years ago. If there is to come upon us that flood of population and wealth that is so confidently expected, are we prepared or are we going to prepare ourselves to give them a proper reception? There are many old things which we will have to give up: and many new things which we will have to accept. But, in the meantime, it behooves us to consider the old things that we will part with, and the new matter we will accept. Then we are to consider whether we are to assimilate or be assimilated. Whether we are to receive the newcomers, or the new comers to crowd us out of doors. Whether our ideas of policy and government, morals and religion, are to continue, or if they must give way to ideas, prevailing in other portions of the country, which we believe to be harmful and erroneous. Shall we swallow

the golden calf or allow the golden calf to swallow us? In New England, it is said, that not one-half of the operatives of the factories speak the English language. It was not until after the native New Englander had been driven from his work by having his place filled by the pauper of the old world, that Horace Greeley gave the advice "young man, go West." The advice to-day is being changed to "young man, go South." In the great State of Pennsylvania the farmers and their sons used to come down from the mountain-sides, and up from the valleys, and work the coal and iron mines; but that is so no more. Great corporations have been formed, the mines have passed into the hands of immense monopolies, who work them with the poorest classes of Italians, Hungarians, and Scandinavians upon starvation wages, and whenever these poor ignorant foreigners strike for better pay, they are shot down by hireling soldiers. Not soldiers of the State, but of private corporations. That is a piece of tyranny that a heartless king would not allow.

If these statements be true, then these States have failed to keep men equal, and they have

fallen into a grievous error. Now, is it not our duty, as North Carolina is about to enter upon an era of industrial development—about to change from an agricultural to a manufacturing people—to avoid the pitfalls into which other Commonwealths have fallen—to prevent, as far as in us lies, the aggregation of immense wealth in the hands of the few, but to keep wealth as evenly distributed as possible. Our form of government is founded on the individual, and the individual has to contend with other individuals for the very ground on which he stands and the very air which he breathes. We want it to remain so. When an individual, by force of will, solidity of character, steadiness of purpose, sincerity of aim, by economy, perseverance, energy, by using the talents with which the great God has endowed him, wrests a fortune from the world, the true and genuine American is ready to stand up and applaud that man. It is the fact that the individual is given full and free scope for all his faculties, that has made us the greatest people and the greatest nation upon the face of the earth. It is because of the unrestricted privileges given the individual that

all the elements of nature have been gathered together and made to subserve the purposes of man. It is the taming of the elements of nature that has driven us so far ahead of all men and all times. It has made us the moderns. All others behind this century are the ancients. In base-ball parlance, "*we are the people,*" and we are the nation of the future. Here our greatest danger lies: it is in the suppression of the indvidual. The tendency of the times is toward corporations, combines, trusts, combinations—all this means death to the indvidual. Whenever any set of men combine and conspire together for the purpose of giving themselves an undue and an unfair advantage over their neighbors and their fellow-men, it is wrong, and I do not care by what name you call it or where it exists. Corporation is one thing, conspiration is another. In the social and political warfare that is surely coming upon us, North Carolina must look to the young men who are being educated in her schools of learning, and she needs to have every one of them educated. Man to-day is smarter than ever before. His mentality is more vigorous and truly magnifi-

cent. In times gone by, if a man had a purpose to accomplish and encountered opposition he met that opposition by force and won his victory by blows and a fight. To-day opposition is encountered, and it is met by smiles, compliments are lavished profusely upon you, all of which only means that your head is being greased that you may the more easily be swallowed.

The educated, thinking young men of the State must hold the balance of power. On one side we shall have the ranting demagogue declaiming about the tyranny of capitalists, and on the other side we shall have the oily lobbyist grasping after the rights and franchises of the people, that he may coin them into gold to satisfy his insatiate greed.

Our young men need to be possessed of a genuine and patriotic Americanism. They should be politicians, but not office-seekers. They should know how to stand between these opposing factions, and how to cope with them. They should know that nothing but the eternal principles of truth and right, founded upon the rock bed of justice, and imbedded in the hearts and minds and consciences of the whole people,

can maintain our system of government. They should know that the finest talents, the greatest executive abilities, are always and continuously, with ingenuity, cunningness, ability, experience, and unscrupulousness, reaching out and after means by which the people may be made to fill the coffers of the great corporations of the country. They should be taught to distinguish and discriminate between the senseless and indiscriminate clamor against corporations that have souls and those that have them not.

There are men in this county and men in my own county of Forsyth that staked their private fortunes in corporations for the public good. The men who built the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad, and those who are now building the Roanoke and Southern, are public benefactors and deserve the commendation and gratitude of the people. What we need is wise men and not fools—men of *equal* minds and not middle-headed partisans—men who can, and will, discriminate, and not condemn all alike without rhyme or reason.

It will be the part of the rising generation to counsel patience, to have respect for vested

rights, law and order, always keeping in view the grand and glorious truth, that all men are created equal, and should be kept equal.

In the contest for these medals you demanded that the contest should be equal; surely, in the contest of life, to your fellow-man, you will accede as much and exact as much.

Closing Reflections.

What is well, itself well done, is always well,
And 'tis well with him, forever well who did it.
His body may in silence lie beneath the sod;
The passive hands may mold, the feet to dust resolve,
The brains subside in clay, the tissued bones decay,
The heart no pulse produce, nor warmth of love display,
The listless ear, the frozen tongue, beyond response;
Ambition, hope, desire, love, beauty, strength, all gone,
To utter death and darkness gone—in semblance lost;—
But nay! there's nothing lost, but all well stored and kept—
A treasure worthy of the golden key of heav'n;
Nor war, nor fire, nor flood, nor storm, nor quaking earth
Can e'er disturb, or mar, or wreck the rich estate.
A noble life enduring stands eternal,
Its rising fabic cannot be o'erthrown,
But in majestic order, its lofty spire,
Baptized with flame divine, and decked in heav'nly grace,
Ascends beyond the sun, and resplendent shines,
Unwaning as the spheres which light the Throne of God.

A Friend.

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